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Swander

Romance in Religion

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF

DR. SWANDER'S LIFE.

AUTHOR OF "THE SUBSTANTIAL PHILOSOPHY" "TEXT BOOK
ON SOUND," "THE INVISIBLE WORLD," "THE RE-
FORMED CHURCH," "THE SWANDER FAMILY," "OLD
TRUTHS IN NEW FORM," "THE EVOLUTION OF
RELIGION," "THE DIVINITY OF OUR LORD,"
"THE MERCERSBURG THEOLOGY," "AUTO-
BIOGRAPHY AND SELECTED WORKS OF
DR. SWANDER," "SEEING THE INVIS-
IBLE" AND "THE IDEAL PREACHER."



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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. Introductory and Nativity.....	9
II. Moving to Ohio.....	19
III. Starting Life Anew	37
IV. Starting Out in the World.....	51
V. Called to a Parsonage.....	66
VI. Starting to the Parsonage.....	76
VII. Filling the Parsonage.....	87
VIII. Another Form of Religious Energy	100
IX. Called to Pennsylvania	115
X. Called to Fremont, Ohio	129
XI. Entangled at Heidelberg.....	141
XII. Experimental Theology.....	170
XIII. Appointed as Receiver.....	182
XIV. Christological Theology	193
XV. The Great Sorrow of My Life.....	216
XVI. The Romantic Climax.....	230
XVII. Recapitulation and Supplementary	254



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FOUNDATION
OF THE
Swander Lectureship

THE Swander Lectureship in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in the United States, located at Lancaster, Pa., was founded by the Reverend John I. Swander, D. D., and his wife, Barbara Kimmell Swander, for the twofold purpose of promulgating sound Christological Science and of erecting a memorial to their daughter, Sarah Ellen Swander, born April 30th, 1862, died September 29th, 1879; and to their son, Nevin Ambrose Swander, born August 7th, 1863, died March 29th, 1884. It shall be known as the "Sarah Ellen and Nevin Ambrose Swander Lectureship." For its maintenance a sum of money was given to the Board of Trustees of the said Theological Seminary, the interest of which is to be applied for the publication of lectures in book form, in accordance with the conditions defined by the terms which accompanied the conveyance of the fund into the hands of the aforementioned Board of Trustees.

These lectures are delivered by members of the Faculty of the Theological Seminary, and others whom the Faculty may select and secure for such service; and while the said Faculty shall guard diligently against the admission of anything into these memorial volumes at variance with the truth as it is in Jesus, they shall not be held responsible for the views of the individual lecturers.

Romance in Religion

A Biographical Sketch of
Dr. Swanders Life

CHAPTER I.

Introductory and Nativity.

THE former sketch of my life was written and published at the request of the faculty of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in the United States, located at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Having complied with the wishes of my colaborers, in the preparation of the manuscript of that book, I yielded also to their further request to have the book inflicted upon a helpless public. It therefore appeared in 1909, as the memorial volume for that year, upon the foundation of the Swander Lectureship, which had been founded and established some years previous to that date, for the twofold purpose of promulgating sound Christological Science, and of erecting a monument sacred forever to the memory of his sainted children, rather than for the purpose of

spreading autobiographical literature before the world.

Since the above given date, God has wrought wonderful things in the world, and a few astonishing things in the writer's own life. Six eventful years have rolled away. During those years new elements have entered into my life intertwining and interweaving their mystic threads with the fibers of my being. New forms of providence have appeared in my history, and new manifestations of hitherto only partially developed principles have forced themselves to the surface, as significant periods in my personal experience, domestic affairs and social relations.

Such being the facts in the case, it may not be entirely out of order to supplement the former treatise with another volume of the new testament in the inspired scriptures of personal reminiscences of occurrences and events in a life, which, though marred by human defects, is, nevertheless, regarded by the biographer as full of that most wise and beneficent "Divinity which shapes our ends rough hew them how we will".

In such review of the history of my life, covering more than four score years, I am thankfully amazed at the growing evidence that my trembling steps have been ordered by the Lord. Though probably for a less special and important purpose, God has been and still is in my personal, domestic and ministerial history, choosing my paths, helping me to mold my character and directing me on and up to the goal of my proper destiny, as really as

he was in the callings and careers of Abraham and Moses.

The above case is not cited as one necessarily rare and exclusively peculiar to the writer's personal self. Such narrow egotism would find little sympathy and less toleration in this age of God's growing revelation of Himself, his will and his ways to the children of men. The powers of the heavenly world are now manifesting themselves to us as never before. Although the canonical scriptures are and should still be held as the peculiarly inspired and especially authorized medium of God's revelation from the supernatural world and the testimonial means of man's communication with the grand realities of the heavenly realm, it should not be overlooked that the Divine One doth still in these last days speak to and work in and through man in a manner in which he hath not bound himself exclusively to his former methods of making "known his ways unto Moses and his acts unto the children of Israel". The day of Pentecost was only the beginning of the time when men should speak with other tongues as the Spirit would give them utterance. It was only the starting point in the fulfillment of Joel's wonderful prophecy. In **these** last days we are reasonable in our expectation of **greater** showers of blessings directly from the heavenly world. Even now is the tabernacle of God dwelling among men with wider portals and more expanding dimensions.

Why should the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing when God sets his king upon

his holy hill of Zion with a broadening summit? If physical science can so advance in its methods of dispatching its messages of intelligible communication between two distant terrestrial continents, why should it be thought a thing impossible or inconsistent with God to ordain that his holy religion—the Queen of all the sciences—should have authority and power from Him whose dominion is over all to advance in strictly spiritual matters, beyond anything hitherto made known to the church of the living God, the ground and pillar of the unchangeable, yet ever progressive truth.

Assuming the soundness of the foregoing premises, logical reasoning leads to the conclusion that the individual member in the church of the living God is capable of receiving, enjoying and expressing the personal benefits of such growing revelation of the Divine will, according as he stands and moves forward vitally and receptively related to the general and progressive economy of grace and truth, as embodied in the New Jerusalem which is the nursing spiritual mother of all her legitimate children.

Through all the years of my eventful life it has been my noblest ambition to possess for myself and proclaim to others the benefits of close communion with the powers of the heavenly world. Yet how limited have been my attainments in that direction. The spirit is willing, but the flesh has been weak. Natural abilities, intellectual acquirements and attempts at spiritual progress have all failed to measure up to the actual requirements in

the case. "I count not myself to have apprehended, but I follow on that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." This one thing, however, I know and of which I have an ever deepening conviction that Christianity is that one thing which is worth living for, and that only thing that will sustain us when the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll.

Christianity not only opens the way to a higher realm of being, but also ennobles the life that now is. It is the absolute religion, the divinest philosophy and the purest morality. It lies at the foundation of all genuine and enduring character, and is the queen of all the graces by which such character is adorned. It begets the purest motives of the mind, sanctifies the warmest emotions of the heart, strengthens all the sinews of the human intellect and feathers the wings for the highest legitimate flights of the human imagination. It fertilizes the garden of the Lord's house in which are grown all the plants of enduring renown. It is the mother of all the fine arts and makes room for **pure romance in religion.**

This latter element of romance is just what Christianity has brought into my life. Its fibers run like golden threads through all the warp and woof of my history. Its molding power makes facts appear in fiction's form. Those who read this book will notice its unavoidable outcropping in many a paragraph as the perusal of the volume is continued to the end.

It is the intention of the writer that this auto-

biography shall be as correct and complete as the limited records and remembrances of past events and occurrences make it possible. Family records, traditional information and memories are not always absolutely reliable: and it is very much to be regretted that the meagerness of the records of cardinal facts in the history of my more immediate ancestry were made and left in such a condition of incompleteness. They seem to have been so much absorbed in the affairs of their fugitive present as to be measurably unmindful of the possibility that their posterity might wish to know something of the fathers that begat them and of the mothers who gave them birth.

According to the statement made in my former biographical treatise, my father, Thomas Swander, was born near Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa. As he neared the maturity of approaching manhood, he went over into Sussex—now Warren County, New Jersey. Being a member of the Reformed church, religiously inclined, and feeling the need of a guide in devotion, he stopped long enough in Easton to purchase a German prayer book. This little private directory of worship is still in my possession; and I have often looked at that sacred souvenir, wondering what effect it may have had, indirectly, in molding my own Christian character.

Passing on and over into Hope Township, Warren County, New Jersey, my father—probably about twenty years of age—found a home in the family of Samuel Blair, for whom he worked on the farm. While there and thus engaged he became

acquainted with the good woman who afterwards became my mother. She was the daughter of one John Blair who was a poor man with rich relations. The most wealthy of her relations was her cousin, John I. Blair, after whom I was named, and who afterwards became a multimillionaire.

John Blair, my grandfather, came from Donnegal County, Ireland, to New Jersey in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He was a predestinated Presbyterian. Among his personal possessions brought to this country, and which I inherited through my mother, was an old sheepskin pocket-book. In this connection it may be stated that, aside from its value as a sacred reminder, there was **nothing** in it.

According to the very meager record of our family, my mother was a widow Hampton with one child—a son, George W. Hampton—about four years old when she reorganized her family in her remarriage with my father. In the absence of any more reliable record, it may therefore be stated as approximately correct that Thomas Swander and Mrs. Sarah Blair Hampton were married in August, 1827. And it is a noteworthy coincidence that my father's oldest brother, John Swander, on or about that time, in the same township and immediate vicinity, married another widow, a Mrs. Euphemia Osborne. Furthermore, my father's youngest brother, Edward Swander, not only followed my father to Seneca County, Ohio, but also married two widows in direct succession—and yet lived to a good old age.

Interestingly strange! The writer has never been able to find anything in the great book of conjugal love of connubial philosophy that can serve to explain the mystery of such wonderful concurrences. Possibly it may be partially accounted for upon the recognition of the fact that the men in the Swander family are so exceedingly timid in conjugal affairs as to need the encouragement and assistance of ladies of experience in courtship to lead them with safety and serenity on and up to the garden gate of the matrimonial Hesperides.

Indeed, the writer has had good reason to believe that the foregoing assumption is correct. His observation and disciplinary experience have led him to the conclusion that the good men in the Swander family are usually so modest as to be unable to look at even an empty corset without blushing.

On the third day of May, 1833, I first saw the light of mortal day. That light was much mellowed down by the sombrous shades that surrounded this sin polluted planet. The first ray of solar brightness that saluted my weeping eyes was deflected by a tear, and, doubtless, that little tear drop was unconsciously pregnant with the predictive prophecy: **"After me the flood"**.

I was the third child of my mother's family as recognized in her marriage to my father. In after years, my mother told me how anxious my father was that I should be a boy, and quite fully

did I respond to my father's wish, in such gender as not to permit his hope to perish from the earth.

When I was several weeks old my parents, believing that the promise was unto them and to their children, took me to the old Oxford Presbyterian Church, on Beaver brook in Warren County, and consecrated me to God in holy baptism. That recognitiatory and initiatory sign and seal of covenant grace was administered by the Rev. Isaac Newton Candee. After I had been a minister of the gospel about ten years, learning that the Reverend Christian gentleman was still alive and living in Monmouth, Ill., I wrote him a letter reminding him of the incident. To that letter he responded in a most cordial way as a ministerial father.

That sacramental act located a cardinal point in the history of my life. A new relation was then and there and thus established between my faithful Saviour and myself. Although then yet unconscious of the mysterious fact, I was, in that consecratory act, made a new creature in Christ Jesus. I was thus placed as a lamb to be carried by the good Shepherd. Isaiah 40:11. I was thus grafted into the mystical body of Christ, "the fullness of Him who filleth all in all". I was thus planted in the house of the Lord to flourish in the courts of our God. Ps. 92:13.

The world had a right to expect something from the little babe who was born in 1833, at the base of Jennie Jump mountain. The nobleness of my Swiss and Scotch ancestry made me debtor to all the world. Timothy's mother and grand-

mother did much for him before he became the adopted son of St. Paul. My ancestors bequeathed no less to me. I was an heir to "the faith that dwelt" in them. With proper pride my mother spoke often to me of my grandmother Blair's Christian character—of her consistent life, triumphant death, even of the lyric lines which the venerable saint had calmly selected to be sung at her funeral:

Death may dissolve my body now
And bear my spirit home.
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finished my course and kept the faith
And wait that sure reward.

God hath laid up in heaven for me
A crown that cannot fade;
The righteous Judge in that great day
Shall place it on my head.

Nor hath the King of Heaven decreed
That crown for me alone
But all who love and wait to see
The appearance of His Son.

That little home on Beaver brook consisted of a modest dwelling and a few acres of land. This property my mother had inherited from her father, John Blair, in consideration of the filial kindness she had rendered him in his declining years after grandmother's death. When my parents had decided to move to Ohio, it was sold for \$550. The disposition made of some of the final fruit of that fund will be found recorded in the closing chapter of this book.

CHAPTER II.

Moving to Ohio.

ON or about the fifteenth day of June, 1833, my father's family started upon a long journey toward the setting sun. According to the testimony of my good mother, my late arrival in this world of disappointments had delayed the trip just one month according to her domestic way of reckoning calendar date on solar time. With four children, a very limited quantity of household belongings, \$650 in the silver coin of the realm, the family Bible, the little German prayer book purchased at Easton and a family certificate of church membership in the old Oxford Presbyterian Church, we started upon our journey. Our touring car was a farm wagon from Hope to Hackettstown; from Hackettstown to New York City via the canal; from New York City up the Hudson to Albany on Robert Fulton's Car of Neptune; thence on the canal to Buffalo, at which place a sail boat was taken on Lake Erie to Sandusky City—then Portland. At Sandusky City we were met by my uncle James Swander who had come to that place to meet us, and to convey us to a point in the woods

five miles east of Tiffin, where, in the name of God, we set up our domestic banner among the howling wolves of the wilderness. I was just two months old when we reached our journey's end on the third of July. I had made the voyage with safety in the sheltering arms of that now sainted mother who is awaiting my arrival at the pearly portal of the heavenly world.

I grew up on the farm which is now located at Swander's Station on the Pennsylvania Railroad. My most important growth was in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, as vouched safe to me in a Christian family. My two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary Ann, were the guardian angels of my childhood. As I further developed into rustic boyhood, I found a most congenial companion in my half brother, George Washington Hampton. He was a skilful Nimrod in the forests by which we were surrounded and which by his unerring rifle furnished our family table with many bags of wild game. Wild turkeys and squirrels were there and then in great abundance. As soon as I was large enough he took me along with him to drive the elusive squirrel around the tree. Oh, how I learned to love that brother of whom I shall have occasion again to write before this book is made ready for the publisher.

My father purchased the farm, near what is now Swander's Station, for \$450, and moved in with the family then occupying the premises. Thus huddled together for nearly a week, things were held and used considerably in common—even in

the family worship. All ate at the same table and bowed at the same family altar. Mr. Myers was a Methodist and my father was a member of the church with a certificate of dismissal from the old Oxford Presbyterian Church. Morning and evening they took turns in conducting the services of that domestic sanctuary. Mr. Myers, as I afterward learned to know, could make a very eloquent prayer. My father prayed as well as he could in his Pennsylvania dialect, with the assistance of his little dutch prayer book. That private liturgy was most too formal, and my good Christian father was not quite spiritual enough for Mr. Myers. That union movement in domestic worship expired by limitation. It was a happy day when my father's unpretentious little family was left to worship in the use of that little prayer book under our own vine and fig tree, none daring to molest or make us afraid. I was then an infant; but as I grew up into the years of more observant adolescence I found the little book with the family Bible still on the stand, while Thomas Payne's *Age of Reason* was substituted by Mr. Myers for the Word of God and the out-gushings of religious sentimentalism.

The purchase of the farm included five acres of wheat which was then just about ripe and ready for the sickle. This crop was harvested, and threshed by being tramped out with a borrowed ox-team, and separated from the chaff by being winnowed through neighbor Bogart's fanning mill. The grain was then ready for the flouring mill.

The ox-team was then yoked, and harnessed to Uncle James' farm wagon and my father started, on a three days' journey of twenty-five miles, to Castalia. The journey was made on the windings of the Kilbourne road largely through the woods. During the first night, one of the oxen got sick about midnight, while the lightning painted hell upon the canvas of the midnight skies, and the wolves and wildcats howled and screamed a dolorous accompaniment to the electric artillery of Jupiter Pluvius. By sunrise, however, the ox was well enough to continue the journey to Castalia. After seventy-two hours' absence from home, my father returned with a fine grist of flour. For want of a table he found my mother and her little family eating breakfast from the top of the large wooden chest which we had brought with us from Jersey.

Soon after his return from Castalia father constructed a table large enough for five in the family and one in the cradle. Our mode of living was purely primitive and primitively pure. With no cooking stove or cooking range, our meals were prepared on the wood fire behind the hearth stones. Oh, how they were relished!—more savory than the nectar that Jupiter sips. Our mush and milk we called "gap and swallow". We ate no angel cake. We sipped no tango tea. Our music was in mother's voice with an accompaniment played on her old spinning wheel as she spun the flax for our linsey woolsy wearing apparel. There was no pounding of a piano accompanied by a cultured scream. While we then knew but little of higher

mathematics, we were not ignorant of the teachings of God's arithmetic in which we were taught to give sixteen ounces for a pound of everything we had to sell by avoirdupois. In this system of ethical righteousness we enjoyed the luxury of peace and joy in the possession and practice of our holy religion. Our creed was faith in God, industry, common sense and refined rusticity.

Our unpretentious simplicity in domestic life was not wanting in any of the essential elements of intelligence and refinement. Mother taught us that there was dignity in dishwater and science in soapsuds properly applied. Father frequently demonstrated to us and upon us the fact that obedience to parental precepts was better than transgression, and right faithfully and firmly did he enforce the statutes. The enforcement was, however, not so much by law as by an exemplary life. Religion sanctified and elevated every element that entered into the constitution of the domestic economy, and nothing was permitted to crowd the family altar out of our domestic sanctuary. In the course of time the little German prayer book was laid aside and preserved as a relic, and even to this day its very sight unseals the old fountain of past endearments. Father not only acquired the ability to read the holy scriptures in the English tongue, but also to make frequent and practical comments upon their meaning. Thus the kingdom of God came to us with a gradual manifestation of its shining light, prevailing power and superlative glory. I never knew any better than to be a Chris-

tian. At this point I entered God's great university course for an education. My father's farm was my kindergarten. I matriculated between a pair of plow handles and I am now about ready to graduate at the end of the furrow.

Family religion was complemented by the services at the church. Although the church was five miles away, on nearly every Lord's day would we go up to Jerusalem. We had neither automobile nor any other easy carriage conveyance. On Sunday morning the horses were harnessed to the farm wagon. It was thus that we went up to the courts of the Lord's house. Quite frequently we went on foot and walked home. Going to church was the rule and not the exception as in modern times combined with many modern methods. At that time religion did not move so much by fits and starts as in this age of high pressure and spasmodic evangelisticism. At fourteen years of age—sixty-eight years ago — I was sent to catechise and instructed in the doctrines and duties of our holy religion by the Rev. Hiram Shaull, then pastor of the First Reformed Church in Tiffin. On St. Valentine's day, 1848, I was received into the full membership of the church through the rite of confirmation. The memory of that solemn, initiatory transaction still lingers around my heart and settles down upon my soul like the dews of heaven. There was then no instrumental music in the church; yet as I moved with trembling footsteps

down the aisle to make a public profession of my faith in God the congregation sang:

Witness ye men and angels now;
Before the Lord we speak.
To Him we make our solemn vow,
The vow we will not break.

In 1850—at the age of seventeen—I was called to pass through a very severe and protracted spell of sickness in the form of bilious fever, with strong typhus symptoms. It was the only severe spell of sickness of my long life. My own imprudence was the cause or occasion for that sore affliction which brought me very near the terminal point of my earthly career. It was a case in which I went contrary to the admonitions of my father. The busy harvest season was at hand. I was a farmer's boy with unusual physical strength, and yet very far from reaching the full maturity of physical manhood. We had a large crop of wheat ripe for the harvester's sickle. Harvest hands were very scarce. McCormick's reaper had not yet come into full use. I had never yet used a grain cradle, and was indiscreet enough to cut the whole crop. My father admonished me to be careful and go slow. I was ambitious. Taking up the cradle, I went to work with a purpose. In seven days I cut twenty-two acres of very heavy wheat which yielded five hundred and seventy bushels. Soon after, I was taken down with a fever which superinduced a very acute and dangerous form of cuticular malady. All that was possible was done to arrest its progressive spread over the entire surface of my body.

Two skilful physicians were called from Tiffin. Although they gave me their vigilant and almost constant attention, the alarming case was continued until I lingered in the valley of the shadow of death, surrounded by my father's grief stricken family who watched by my bedside with almost hopeless anxiety. For several days I was in a semi, or subconscious condition. My weeping father by a great effort finally aroused me to inform me that Dr. Dresback had said that I could not get well. For some time he helped me to recover and retain a clear consciousness of the fact that I was still alive. I rallied, however, but for a few moments, and that was only under the indomitable determination which, under the good providence of God, has enabled me through my long life to leap many dark and yawning chasms. In that brief, lucid interval I told my father that I was going to get well. As my father covered his face and wept, I relapsed into a subconscious state out of which I did not rally until the next morning. Dr. Dresback was passing by to visit a more hopeful case in the community. He paused a moment at the gate and called my father out and inquired what time the boy's funeral would take place. Upon being told that I had just rallied a little, the doctor got out of his buggy and came in to see me. After an examination of his mortuary patient he told my weeping parents that I was better. And there was unexpected joy in that house. From that critical turning point I slowly convalesced until I was fully restored to health and strength.

It was only one of the many providential tokens given me in my life that I should live to "finish the work which the Father hath given me to do."

With my health and vigor fully restored, I began to cherish a laudable ambition to become a school teacher. For this I qualified myself in the common country school, supplemented by extensive reading and intensive thinking in private life. It required great industry and diligence to make my calling and election sure. I was quite proud after I had passed the required test before the Board of County School Examiners, and had received a certificate showing that I possessed the required qualifications. At eighteen years of age I engaged myself to teach the school in the district two miles west of Tiffin—over the fence in a field. The wages was \$13 a month and board. By contract I "boarded around" with the children in the families of the district. My maiden effort was pronounced a success.

The only things that I caught that winter were a bad cold and the itch. The sovereign remedy for the latter disorder was a mixture of lard and sulphur—well heated and rubbed in. In applying the remedy, I thought of the place where the latter ingredient abounds in sufficient quantity. Fully cured by the application of the odorous ointment, I spent the following summer at home upon the farm. For my more thorough qualification as a teacher I entered Heidelberg College. A little learning had intoxicated my brain. I desired to drink deeper at the Pierian spring that I might

become sober again. I was a diligent student. Young manhood was approaching with all its possibilities and responsibilities.

In the fall of 1852 I engaged myself at nineteen years of age to teach another school. As the schoolhouse was located nine miles from my old domestic hearthstone, I made my home in a family which afterwards became the occasion for all the romance that could crowd itself into the last sixty-three years of my life.

On the seventeenth day of November, I packed my trunk and started to the scene of my future experiences, expectations—and **disappointments**. I had previously contracted with a Mr. ——— to teach the school in the district of which he was one of the directors. He was a Roman Catholic, but did not work very hard at the business. He had been partially educated in Germany for the priesthood, but having fallen in love with an amiable young lady of the Lutheran Church, he soon changed his mind upon the subject of celibacy. He was a fine Greek and Latin scholar, and was able to teach me the grammatical rudiments of those languages. At his farm house I put up upon my arrival in the district to begin my work for the winter. As I was nine miles from home, and as I had arranged to board only during the weekdays with the families of the district, he and his good wife most cordially invited me to stay at their home over the Saturdays and Sundays of that winter season. I thankfully accepted their tendered hospitality and began to govern myself accord-

ingly. As I was a strange boy among strangers, they helped me to feel at home. In fact I liked the family, the whole family—especially the oldest daughter.

During the second or third week of my sojourn in the family, a dance was arranged for at my new home. Now the art of flying feet by music was a part of my education which had been entirely neglected. It did not chime in with the devout outbreathings of father's little prayer book. I could not dance if I would, and would not if I could. I had been taught in a very different school of religion. The old home had made an impress upon my mind that I could not ignore. I very respectfully asked Miss —— to excuse me for the evening. She kindly granted my request, and with my little tallow-dip I went upstairs to my bedroom for the night. Yet I slept but little. The screeching noise from that old violin disturbed my slumbers. Joy seemed "unconfined when youth and beauty" tripped the light fantastic toe. My example, however, bore fruit. Not that I had condemned dancing as something in itself a sin, but because I had shown respect to the dictates of my conscience and a proper regard for the religion of my ancestors. Suffice it to say that for years thereafter there were no more dances held in my newly adopted home.

I continued teaching, with entire satisfaction to all interested in my work. Twenty dollars per month was considered ample remuneration in that age of progressive pedagogics. Furthermore it

afforded me good mental exercises, and self-discipline for the responsibilities of that great hereafter toward which I was then being led by a very inscrutable Providence. Neither did I neglect paying my devotions to the young lady who had charmed my young life. Indeed I was delightfully—dangerously—in love with her, and she reciprocated. Before the winter was over we were engaged to be married.

In the spring I closed my term of school, returned to my home in buoyancy of spirit, and resumed my former position and pursuits upon my father's farm. Like a dutiful son, I, of course, told my mother that I had found the best girl in the world, and—was engaged to be married to her in due time. My mother was displeased at what she called my "craziness". She seemed to think that there was no girl on this planet good enough for **her** boy. Father was more philosophic and considerate in his treatment of me and my case. He intimated that he had intended that I should fill a more responsible position in life than what seemed to him to be nominated in such a matrimonial bond. Of course I respectfully differed from the judgment of my good parents in the matter of my recent venture. I spent the summer on the farm, cultivating also a disposition to become a close observer of nature's phenomena, read books until I was thoroughly gorged with abstract theories and made frequent visits to the girl I was unwilling to leave behind me.

The following winter I found a school in an

adjoining district. I recamped on the field where I had achieved the victory of my former campaign, and spent the week's ends and beginnings at the home of the family in which I had such a peculiar interest. The winter passed like a midsummer dream. My school was taught through and closed with marked success. In the spring when I was about to take my departure for my old home I offered to pay the winter's board bill. Mrs. ——— would take nothing in return for the great favor I had received. No indeed! I was regarded as a prospective member of the family. I returned somewhat like a prodigal to my father's house, but continued to keep up epistolary communications and make frequent visits to that "far country" and land of felicitous enchantments. During that summer my parents persuaded me that it would be good for my health to make a visit to New Jersey. I soon found opportunity to make the trip in a manner not only pleasing to my father and mother, but also pecuniarily profitable to myself. They hoped that forgetfulness abroad would cure me of my folly at home. I did not want to be cured. The trip was agreeable and in almost every way profitable. I learned many pleasing things about the antecedents of my dear parents, became more proud than ever of my noble ancestry, taught the school in district No. 5 on Beaver brook, visited the old church in which I had been baptized, spent the winter at the home of the uncle who had married the widow Osborne, slept in the same house in which I was born twenty-

one years before and enlarged my views of the world in all respects—but one. In that particular there seemed no possibility of either enlargement or change. My case was becoming chronic. I did not want to be cured of my matrimonial malady. My parents were doomed to disappointment when I returned to Ohio and continued my visits and attention to the girl of my choice.

It was now nearly three years since my engagement to the young lady who had charmed my life and entwined the threads of her affection with all the fibers of my reciprocal soul.

With all sincerity and candor, I laid the case before my father and mother. They pitied me in my distressful bliss, and encouraged me in my hopes of happiness. Though father could not disguise his disappointment of the expectations that he had cherished in his son, both he and mother gave their consent to my marriage with the girl whom they had never seen; and at the same time expressed a desire to see her before we were joined in wedlock.

At my suggestion to the young lady, she cheerfully consented to accompany me to my father's house. A few days afterward I joyfully brought her to my parents and placed her in the care of my good sister over night. She made herself unpretentiously agreeable in a social way, knelt with us at our family altar and accompanied us on Sunday morning in our usual attendance upon the services of the sanctuary. Having both made and received a seemingly favorable impression in her visit, on

Sunday afternoon I took her back to her own home and returned hopefully to my father's huose. The incident passed over with apparent satisfaction to all the parties interested, although my mother said but little.

Father then began to build a house in which I was to install my domestic felicity. As time rolled on for several months the details for our marriage were gradually arranged. The wedding day was agreed upon. June roses were to grace the garland for the occasion, and with their fragrance fill the salubrious air, when Lo———

I received an unexpected letter — *mirabile dictu!* The letter was from the dear girl who was about to leave me behind her. She declared the engagement broken and the wedding off. Horrible to relate! Then there was "mounting in hot haste the steed". A pitiable wretch, I went to see her. She received me with manifest commiseration. The cause of this sudden turn of affairs was an inexplicable mystery. The curtain fell—and so did I.

In a state of subconsciousness combined with a spasm of surprise, I stuttered out: "My dear girl: What is this that has taken possession of my shuddering soul? Am I dreaming, or am I damned? For three years you have been leading me toward the golden gate of heaven; now you are about to drop me through the dolorous portals of perdition.

As the screen was again removed from before that melodramatic scene, I momentarily descended into hell. Coming back again from among the terrors of the damned, I was dumb with silence. My

silence was more sad than sullen. I had been shocked into a condition of unnatural taciturnity. I could not believe the testimony of my own ears. Just simple enough not to understand how an apochrophal something could set aside a whole gospel of love breathed out in years of most tender affection and written in a hundred epistles filled with averments of fidelity forever. No; my regard for the young lady was too high and holy for me to question her past sincerity, impeach her religion, deny the nobility of her person and dispute the proper divinity of her sex.

I made a virtue of necessity and turned to go.

"The lady I loved would soon be a bride,
With a diadem on her brow;
Oh, why did she flatter my boyish pride?
She was going to leave me now."

In less than two weeks she became the wife of a gentleman toward whom I cherished no enmity and for whom I had nothing but speechless congratulations; yet I felt more keenly than ever the force of the sentiment expressed by the Irish poet Thomas Moore:

"Loving 'tis a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still,
But Oh, the worst of every pain—
To love and not be loved again."

I had reached the crucial point in the history of my passion. How could I now come down from the cross without spoiling the atonement that I was then making for my felicitous folly? I turned to leave the tragic scene of that cruel Golgotha.

She, for the last time accompanied me to the gate. For the last time?—with one exception (See Chapter XVI)—I took her hand, with mingled emotions that no pencil could paint, no tongue describe, no pen record. My own tongue was paralyzed by a paradox, rather than palsied with perplexity.

Three years before I had placed the engagement ring upon her finger. Upon that ring was inscribed the truthful pledge: "Forget thee? No!" When I had partially recovered my power of speech, I stammered my last word: "My dear girl, you will hear of me as the years roll by". With sympathy in her eyes and a gentle cadence on her tongue, she replied "I hope so".

I started away with my tongue limbered up to Lord Byron's parting salutation to his idolized Mary:

Fare thee well and if forever,
Then forever fare thee well.

As I journeyed home every star seemed to look down upon me in anger. Even the gentle zephyrs of a summer evening seemed to transform themselves into howling storms around my thorny pathway. I got home some way, some time that night, the remainder of which was spent in sobs and sighs. I almost forgot to say my prayer which was then a most solemn litany with peculiar emphasis upon the antiphon; **Good Lord, deliver us.** I scarcely comprehended how much or how little was left in "us" or of "us"—whether us was in the singular or plural number.

Like good old St. Job, I wished that I had never been born. The lines of the Highland poet came rushing through and rattling around my shattered brain:

“Love is a flame that ever burneth;
From Heaven it came to Heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth an unwelcome guest,
Sometimes deceived; sometimes oppressed,
Here to be tried and crucified
To find in Heaven its perfect rest.

Next morning the sad intelligence was broken to my parents. While my good mother was full of sorrow for her miserable boy, she could not disguise her pleasure. My father was more considerately kind. He pronounced upon me a parental benediction: “Now John, I hope that you will yet **be something in the world and do something for the world**”. I was dumb and opened not my mouth. All that I could do at that time was to submit to the will of heaven, resign myself to the sorrows of this sin polluted planet and turn my face toward the rising sun.

The sun of sanity soon began to arise and shine above the sombrous clouds of my felicitous infatuation. I began to feel like answering my father’s prayer that I might “**be something in the world**”. And as confession is good for the soul, I now feel like confessing to the pardonable crime that I there and then began to cherish an incipient hope that I might live to build for myself a character that would give a **proud distinction** to the lady affianced to a gentleman who could both perish as a martyr and survive as a man.

CHAPTER III.

Starting Life Anew.

AFTER my return to a state of sanity, I took an inventory of the stock still on hand. And Oh, what a wreckage of flotsam and jetsam covered the scene of that matrimonial catastrophe! The illfated Titanic and the illtreated Lousitania never covered an Atlantic wave with such a float of fragments. For me all seemed lost except faith, hope and charity—faith in God, hope in the future, and charity for the young lady, who, for some reason that I could not understand, had submarined my hitherto buoyant bark. How could I account for the great catastrophe? It was simply inexplicable. Through all the years of our long engagement there had been nothing to indicate the coming of such a crisis in the history of my life—no lovers' quarrel, no suspicion of infidelity, no act of impropriety. She had always been chaste, truthful and discreet. I am therefore bound by the honor of a man and the self respect of a gentleman to give a certificate of excellent character to the young lady who exercised the prerogative of her sex to thrust into the history of my life that momentous occa-

sion which prompted me to act upon the poetic advice of Tennyson and "make a stepping stone of my dead self to higher things".

Indeed, such was still my high regard for my apotheosized *amoretto* that I was almost tempted in superlative charity to lay the blame of the whole miserable mixup at the door of that Divine Providence whose ways are so wise as not to be questioned, so good as not to be impeached and yet so mysterious as not to be fathomed by the line and plummet of finite understanding.

One lesson I had learned from the great book of experience, stamped upon my mind under the die of an abiding impression and fixed in my soul as a deep conviction that

"Love is a pearl of precious hue
With stormy waves around it
And dearly may the lover rue
The day when first he found it."

I, therefore, reluctantly began to make an effort to blot her from my memory, and turn a new leaf, on which I hoped to write history with a less spluttering pen and a more indellible ink.

I spent the balance of the summer with my father on the farm, applied myself to a very rigid course of reading, renewed my Christian vows of fidelity to the Most High God, taught the winter school in the home district, and made a closer confidant of my good mother who seemed entirely satisfied with the situation to which I was gradually becoming reconciled.

In the spring I reentered Heidelberg College.

Having made it a matter of serious meditation and earnest prayer, I finally interpreted the strange providence of God in my recent history as indicating that He was calling me to the holy ministry; and why should I not be obedient to the heavenly vision, and help to answer my father's prayers and gratify his wish that I might be something in the world and do something for the world?

At that time Heidelberg College and Heidelberg Theological Seminary were domiciled under the same roof. This relation between the two institutions afforded me an opportunity to combine the two curriculums, to the extent of my ability to perform Herculean work. Many of the branches now taught in Heidelberg University were then taught in the seminary course of study. Among these were logic, ethics, apologetics, and psychology. I took the entire list laid down for the full course in the Seminary, and worked the natural sciences, mathematics and some of the languages required in the College course. Thus I did fair service in the College and completed the full course in the Seminary, graduating from the latter institution in the spring of 1859.

During my time in our schools of the prophets there occurred but a few incidents or coincidents worthy of special mention in this connection. As there were but few professors, it required very assiduous labor on the part of all students who were properly ambitious to go forth from the institution fairly equipped to "show themselves workmen that needeth not be ashamed". Indolent flunkies soon

fell by the wayside, or tried to climb up some other way into grades of which they were unworthy and positions which they were unqualified to fill.

There were then no "Killikillicks" or other periodicals published in the institution for the information and amusement of the students. However, a paper called "The Budget" was read every other Friday afternoon, before the entire student body assembled with the faculty in the College chapel. The editors of these papers were selected by the two literary societies. Being then a member of the Irving society, I was, in course of time, chosen to sit for a whole fortnight upon the delphic tripod to give out the erudition and gossip of our literary institution. I therefore prepared and read the budget to a greatly edified and highly delighted audience. As a sample from the budget then, there and thus prepared and published, the following is herewith given just to show how superlatively silly Heidelberg students could then make themselves appear—even before the age of co-weduction:

"The scene was laid in Paradise
When Adam woke and rubbed his eyes,
And saw with joy and thrilling pride,
Miss Eva sitting by his side.

And as she to his side had pressed,
To fill the space the rib had left
No jealousy disturbed her breast,
For Eve was first and all and best.

Coquetry was yet unborn.
Roses then bloomed without a thorn.
The only thing that made them shiver
Was shooting shafts from Cupid's quiver.

There Cupid first began to dart—
His arrows flew from heart to heart—

Miss Eve served angel food on toast
Till Adam gave his rib this roast:
Oh heaven! This blissful misery
Is from the woman given me."

In the editing and reading of that same "Budget" the writer was guilty of inflicting another article upon his innocent and helpless audience. It pertained to a little local affair which had been pulled off in the vicinity of the college a few evenings before. Dr. Kieffer, the president of the institution, had a very amiable niece—a Miss Martz—who was doing some teaching and tutoring in the primary department. Now there was also about that time, a young gentleman in the college by the name of Joseph Swigart. And it came to pass that the said Joseph thought that Miss M. was good to look upon and to associate with. She was making her home at the two-storied building occupied by ———, and in that self same building Joseph was wont to spend his Sunday evenings. The President had no serious objection against the young man's visits to the said domicile of his niece. He, however, feared that too much of such visitation and entertainment might interfere with the free discharge of scholastic duties on the part of the young people. Inspired, however, by the sentiment of the poet that

"Love would find its way
Through paths where wolves would fear to stray."

Mr. S., being a young man of inventive resources, went out in the quiet night and took Dr. Moses Kieffer's ladder from the woodshed and, placing it beneath the window of the room of the said Miss M., made a successful ascent to the object of his adoration. Hence the setting for the scene in which this editorial was laid and the article inflicted upon the audience under the heading—"Moses' Ladder": "We suppose that you have read about Jacob's ladder, and how, upon that ladder, the angels climbed down to see Jacob, the father of Joseph. Your attention is now called to the ladder of Moses on which Joseph recently ascended to see the angel".

I had not been in College more than a half year when I heard a peculiar knocking at the front door of the little brick house north and across Perry street in which my sister and I were keeping house, she at the same time doing some literary work in the institution. I laid down my text book on psychology in the study of which I was trying to draw a clean line of distinction between an incept, a concept and a percept of, in or by the human mind, and went to the door wondering whether the knocker was Poe's raven, or some other "evermore" visitor. I opened the door and found to my great astonishment, Father Blank standing at the portal of my scholastic sanctum. Certainly I greeted him with inexpressible cordiality, invited him in and seated him in my rocking chair while I seated myself upon the wood-box to await expectantly for any revelation he might have to make.

I had not seen him since before the deluge of sentimental disappointment which had swept me out of the old into a new postdeluvian world. I became interested in his unexpected visit because I had reason to know that the good old father had always taken delight in his once prospective son-in-law. Indeed, the whole family seemed to like me and were very much displeased over the inexplicable turn of matrimonial affairs which prevented me from being grafted into the family tree.

After a few remarks about the state of the weather and inquiries after my health, he arose to the occasion and made known to me the purpose of his visit. He had come to condole with me in my vanishing sorrow, and to inform me that he still had "another daughter at home"—"just as good" as the one who had so suddenly discovered that she did not love me pretty well. And there and then, without any due process of law or love, he made me a most magnanimous offer of his second daughter, Miss F ———. Now the said young lady was also one for whom I had cherished sentiments of respect during the two winters of my sojourn in the family, but I very respectfully declined to receive the proffered balm which he was so willing to apply to my wounded soul.

Then came my turn to arise and improve the occasion. Thanking him for the interest that he and his family had taken in me and in my welfare, and assuring him of my appreciation of this last peculiar and unusual tender of affection, I told him that I had most radically changed the whole plan

and purpose of my life. I then added: "Father Blank, you were educated to be a priest, then became a benedict; I was **partially** educated in my attempt to be a benedict and now I will become a priest—a minister of the everlasting gospel". After some unimportant and useless argumentation, and sincere expressions of sympathy for me, he bowed himself out and took his departure, conveying with him my best wishes to the family.

Fact is that the good old benedictine father had come to help me out of purgatory; and I was just as anxious to get out, but not through anything like the dolorous portal through which I had, by an inexplicable fate entered into that dismal region of suspension and doubt. I had firmly and resolutely determined to pass out and up through the gate of the heavenward side of that infernal limbo. Being submerged in a more important consideration than that of forming a new matrimonial alliance, I burnt all the bridges behind me and scuttled all the barks except the old and well chartered ship of Zion.

During a part of my course at Heidelberg I was most fortunate in making a rather intimate acquaintance with Dr. E. E. Higbee. He was at that time both pastor of the First Reformed Church in Tiffin and Professor of Languages in the College. And it is due to his blessed memory that I here record the fact that his scholarly ability associated with his childlike simplicity of Christian character helped to stamp upon my deathless being an indellible impress while he was surrounding

me with a plastic power necessary to lift me into that new world which Providence seemed to be opening for my future activity.

Dr. Elnathan Elisha Higbee came to Tiffin in September, 1858. I was superintending the Sunday School of the First Reformed Church. I met him upon his first arrival at the door of the sanctuary and conducted him to a chair behind the chancel rail.

Entering the pulpit, he opened the service and announced his text from I. Corinthians, second Chapter. "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God." And as he continued to read the chapter with his inimitable rhetoric down through verses 7 and 8, he simply captured me with his powers of speech in charming modulation. I had often heard the Holy Scriptures mouthed, but I had never heard them recited with such clear cadence. His reading gave the Word of God a new inspiration and his inflections gave out a new revelation of truth. His exposition of the text stamped itself upon the minds and hearts of the audience as a message of unusual power from the heavenly world.

I had then been a communing member of the Reformed Church for more than ten years, and as my father was an Elder in the congregation at the time of Dr. Higbee's arrival in Tiffin, the doors of our old home stood wide open with a warm welcome to our new pastor to enter our family circle. Although fifty-seven years have now "rolled by",

a vivid recollection of his visits still opens up the fountain of past endearments. He occupied a central position in the sanctuary of our domestic joys. He even cultivated and called out the confidence of the family dog. And it was not long until that new acquaintance was turned to good account. "Pen" was a canine genius. He understood the habits of the wild turkey, and knew just how to tree the big bird that still inhabited the forests lying off in the direction of the Wyandotte Indian Reserve. And Dr. Higbee soon learned to understand his canine companion. Hence it followed sequentially that during the next winter, after the snow had spread its white mantle upon the ground, the Doctor came to borrow the dog and rifle for the exciting chase, and in mutual confidence they went to the happy hunting ground to seek, and perchance capture a specimen of that elusive bird, which in the Doctor's estimation was made but little lower than the American Eagle.

While Dr. Higbee had little love for childishness, he was filled with admiration for whatsoever was **childlike**. Indeed he was intensely enthusiastic over all that was good and true and beautiful in the simplicity of character. He regarded it as no condescension to associate with the boys and take part in the innocent sports of children. This he had the happy faculty of doing without lowering the standard of ministerial dignity and duty. For affected piety he had nothing but supreme contempt and commiseration. He insisted that nature should be permitted to speak in her own vernacular

tongue. With his ear pressed to Nature's bosom, he was ever waiting and watching to hear all the throbbings of the heart. His pupils soon observed that distinguishing and delightful trait in his character, and some of them unconsciously began to acquire the habits of their great teacher. Versatility summarized his rich endowments of heart and mind. On the selfsame day he would drill his pupils in the reading of the classics, take them along the banks of Rock Run and teach them the habits of the turtle, then back to College to edify and entertain them with one of his inimitable readings from Shakespeare, and meet them again in the evening at the prayer-meeting, when he would supplement the services with a lecture on the "Organic unity of the Apostle's Creed".

Another good, great man who helped to lift me out of purgatory and mold my character after a different pattern, was Rev. Moses Kieffer, D. D. He was the Gamaliel at whose feet I sat during my entire Seminary course. Dr. Kieffer was a Christian gentleman of the old school with his face ever turned toward the sunrise. His endowments were above the ordinary and his ambition was laudable. As a theologian he was conservatively progressive. As a teacher he was just speculative enough to incite his pupils to do a little thinking outside of traditional ruts. His favorite motto was "Christ, all in all". His order of Christological reasoning was first the Christ of Christianity; then the Christianity of Christ. As a preacher he was incisive and instructive. Before an audience his

bearing was dignified and reverential, his voice as clear as a morning bell, his gesticulations natural and graceful, his modulations charming, his style more felicitous than florid, his reasoning convincing, while his manifest consciousness of the omnipotence of objective truth was the supreme element of his power in all his pulpit ministrations.

Dr. Kieffer was in the habit of giving his pupils some good advice, and frequently followed it up with interesting life pictures from the gallery of his own experience. Upon one occasion he closed his text book on practical theology, folded his hands before him and resting them on his desk he said: "Young gentlemen, do not neglect proper and full preparation for your recitations; yet try to spend some time in the society of young ladies. A portion of time spent in company with refined young women will have a refining effect upon your lives. Be careful, however, not to lose your heads. I once lost my proper equilibrium. It was on the Sunday next before my marriage. The lady to whom I was to be married was in the audience and I confess that I was somewhat embarrassed by her presence at that time. I had thoroughly worked my sermon out and arranged the subject matter under three distinct heads and in a logical order, but in the delivery thereof I **lost my own head** and made a miserable mixup of all the other heads. The **firstly** was passed over with only fair success; the **secondly** got me into the woods until I became so bewildered as to see no way out except by leaping clear over my **thirdly** which I did

and reached my conclusion in a very bemuddled state of mind."

I was very fortunate and happy in all my associations throughout my college life. The professors were condescendingly gracious, and my fellow-students companionable. My vacations were spent at home on the old farm, five miles east of Tiffin. The company of my mother and sisters was all that I cared for and needed in the way of female society. Out of respect for Dr. Kieffer, and in obedience to his preceptorial advice, I occasionally accompanied some young lady home from evening service at the church. There was no **co-weduction** for me. While I aimed to cultivate mild and salubrious qualities as a gentleman, I cared very little for the smiles and charms of the nobler sex. Without any resolutions to that effect, I simply permitted myself to settle down under the chronic impression that I would never marry.

Indeed, "the years rolled by" without any heroics in my school life. Three years had passed into history since the tragic parting at the gate. I had developed the more solid and abiding elements in my Christian manhood. I was partially prepared to go out of College, step upon the stage of public responsibility, "**be something in the world and do something for the world**".

Just at this time Providence showed me an open door. The Rev. George W. Williard, Pastor of the First Reformed Church in Dayton, Ohio, and editor of the "Western Missionary", finding his work growing on his hands, came to Tiffin to

seek an assistant. Dr. Kieffer brought him to my room, introduced him to me and recommended me to him as the graduating student who could help him to lighten his burden. Dr. Williard offered me a home in his family and, as a further remuneration, two hundred dollars for one year of co-operative service with him in preaching under his general direction and in giving such assistance as I might be able to render in editing the "Western Missionary".

Acting upon the advice of my good friend, Dr. Kieffer, I immediately indicated my acceptance of the proposition. The contract was closed, and in a few days I boxed my little library, packed the contents of my scanty wardrobe and started home to receive the parting benediction of my father and mother.

CHAPTER IV.

Starting Out in the World.

IN the last week of March, 1859, I left Tiffin with my certificate from the Seminary authorities, showing that I had completed the full course of study required by the Reformed church of those who would enter the gospel ministry. I arrived in Dayton and immediately reported my presence at the home of Dr. Williard and family. I was received with cordiality. His family then consisted of the parents and four sons, all of whom, with one exception, have passed into their home in heaven. The family showed me much kindness during my sojourn of one year under the domestic roof. Especially did I find pleasure and delight in the company of the two younger sons, George Parker and Edward, who was then the darling object of a Christian mother's affection and solicitude. Eddy, as he was then called, is now one of the able and successful ministers in the Reformed Church.

Dr. Williard, with whom I was associated as his assistant, treated me with considerate kindness. The only criticism that he ever passed upon my many mistakes was when he broke me of the habit of sitting upon my coat tail in the pulpit. He

neither held me back from duties which I was able to perform, nor pushed me forward into any work for which I was not yet prepared. The year rolled around and ended with no disturbance of our confidence in and love for each other.

I preached in the city and in the three country congregations of the charge as the senior partner directed, and assisted him in such work as I was able to perform in the getting out of the Church Paper. As he would have occasion to be abroad in the church—frequently for more than a week at a time—he would leave me with the responsibilities of managing editor until his return with large budgets of “editorial correspondence”. In one case of such prolonged absence I got out the whole edition—with considerable fear and trembling. Upon his return, he approved of my work and made me very happy.

In May the Synod convened at Fairfield, Green County, Ohio. I appeared before that august body, was examined and licensed to preach the gospel. A few weeks after the adjournment of Synod I was ordained in the First Church of Dayton, and thus ceremonially qualified to be a “steward of the mysteries of God”. The ministers who took part “in the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery” have all gone to join the “General Assembly and church of the first born”. They were Rev. David Winters, D. D., Rev. George W. Williard, D. D., Rev. Samuel Mease, D. D., and Rev. Levi Rike. The ordination took place on Saturday, and on the following Lord’s Day I preached my first sermon,

as an ordained minister. It was in the Dayton jail. As I stood with the Sheriff beside me and the inmates in front of me, I announced and preached from the text—Zech. 9:12—“Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope”. I have forgotten what I said, but I guess it was not very much.

During the month of July, there occurred in the singular history of my life, a very close succession of interesting coincidents. As our charge was large our field of ministerial duties extended far out into the country. “Family visitation had to be attended to”. The senior pastor would frequently send me out to visit certain families, and perform other pastoral work. Occasionally during the summer, “old Charley” was harnessed to the family carriage and I was invited to accompany the Doctor and Mrs. Williard to spend the day with some of our families in the country—where the milk man kept a cow and where the “butter fats” of the milk were served in great abundance on strawberries and in ice cream not made of corn-starch.

On one of the above named occasions I went, by special invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Williard, to spend the day with the family of Mr. Lewis Kimmel, near the National Soldiers’ Home, five miles west of Dayton. In those days Bibles and babies were still considered in good taste and fashionable among refined people. Mr. Kimmel belonged to that class of men of whom favorable mention is made in the one hundred and twenty-seventh

Psalm: "Children are a heritage of the Lord. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed, but shall speak with the enemies at the gate". Such was the goodly heritage of Father and Mother Kimmel. They had twelve children—six sons and six daughters. At the time of our visit to the family the daughters were all maturing into promising young womanhood.

The occasion was memorable. Dinner was served at noon according to sun time. It was a most sumptuous repast. For me the occasion incorporated new social elements. I had not yet met any of the members of this interesting family except in the church when I was permitted to address them only in **long range** from the pulpit.

While that good dinner was being served and disposed of an unexpected incident occurred at the table, on the side directly opposite the place that I occupied. By some mishap, a cup of hot coffee was tilted over in the saucer as it was being served to one of the guests, and the contents of the said cup fell on the neck and shoulders of good Mother Kimmel. Miss Barbara, who was standing near, flew immediately to her relief, and with the wonderful presence of a well balanced mind, applied both of her hands in counteracting the otherwise injurious effects of that hot coffee, by quickly rubbing the parts in such a skilful way as to dissipate its heat force before it had time to blister Mother Kimmel's neck and shoulder.

That providential accident made an indelible impression on my mind. It was "the (coffee) tide in the affairs of men, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune". I had then no thought of taking that tide at the flood; neither did I then realize, as I do now, that there is in the affairs of men a power behind the flood and above the throne—a real "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will".

I cannot account for the fact that soon after my return to Dayton with Dr. Williard and family, it strangely occurred to me that Miss Barbara Kimmel, who had shown such wonderful presence of mind in that hot coffee accident, and such skill in the practice of homeopathy, would make a good wife for an allopathic physician.

Now about this time, my brother, William Henry Swander—two years my junior, having just graduated from the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery, had started in the practice of his profession in the town of Union, twelve miles north of Dayton. He, like myself, was unmarried, and it seems that he desired to settle down in Montgomery County that we two miserable bachelor brothers might be near each other for mutual consolation in the hours of need.

At this point in "the affairs of men", there was another unexpected manifestation of Divine Providence. A few days after the hot coffee incident, Dr. Williard received a letter from my brother informing him that a certain Mr. and Mrs. Wendler, who were keeping the hotel at Union, and at whose

hostelry he was making his home, desired that Dr. Williard should come out to Union and baptize a little babe who had just recently engaged boarding at the Wendler House. Now this seemed to be a reasonable request from Mr. Wendler, through my brother, as both of them were church members and were attending services at Chambersburg where Dr. Williard had organized a congregation.

Dr. Williard showed me the letter and suggested that I should go to Union and administer the sacrament of Christian responsibility to the little guest who had so recently arrived to make its home at the Hotel Wendler. I therefore made arrangements, through my brother, to render the desired service in accordance with the wishes of the happy parents of the little one. Accordingly upon the morning of the day agreed upon I harnessed old Charley to an old rattletrap of a buggy which Dr. Williard kept in the wood shed for special occasions and muddy roads, and drove out to Union with the Directory of Worship duly in hand. I arrived at Union via. Stringtown on the turnpike.

My brother received me with tokens of delight, invited me into his office where we chattily spent the time in reminiscences of the past and anticipations of the future, until the hotel bell was rung for dinner. It was in the dining room where I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Wendler as the minister whom Dr. Williard had sent to baptize their infant child. Dinner was served in hotel fashion, and devoured with the usual hotel relish.

After dinner we all assembled in the parlor where, after some preliminary conversation, some preparatory instruction to the parents and some appropriate remarks respecting the solemn responsibility involved in the sacramental consecration of a child to God, the sacred rite was duly and orderly administered in the presence of the whole family including my brother who stood as the bachelor godfather with the happy parents of the little one.

After that solemn service, my brother and I returned to his office where W. H. Swander, M. D. found a young lady patient awaiting him for some treatment in a case of chronic heart failure quite peculiar to her sex when a promising young bachelor settles in a town and announces his ability and readiness to cure all the ills that humanity is heir to.

The young lady having been duly treated by prescribing a placebo, or in some other way, the doctor gently and gallantly bowed her out of the office, and returned to resume the conversation respecting the outlook for the future. Having in mind the "hot coffee" incident, and my heart overflowing with the plentitude of fraternal magnanimity, I opened up the conversation which continued in the form of the following little colloquy.

Beginning, I said: "William, you are now entering upon a very promising and responsible professional career in the practice of Medicine and Surgery. In as much as you will be called upon to treat some very delicate cases involving all possible forms of sex hygiene, do you not think that it

would be well for you to marry in order to be fully prepared to enter into the inmost sanctuary of your profession? If so, my dear Doctor, I have in mind a young lady who would meet both the wants of your nature and the nature of your wants." I then related to him the hot coffee incident, and recommended Miss Barbara Kimmel as the lady who would make him a good wife, fill the bill in every particular and do him good all the days of his life.

After hearing me patiently until I had finished my address of fraternal sympathy and advice, he remained silent for a moment, adjusted the angle of his vision as though he would take unto himself all the "sweet influences of the Pleides" and replied: "John, I appreciate the spirit that prompts you to give such good advice, and I do not doubt for a moment that the young lady which you so generously recommend for life partnership is all that heart could wish and all that the case might call for—but, dear brother, I am already engaged to be married to Miss ——— in Dayton, and the wedding is to come off next month. Besides, John, why don't **you** take a dose of the same medicine which you so generously prescribe for me? You should not let that matrimonial flashpan incident deprive you of your manhood and cast a sombrous cloud over your whole life."

I was up against it. Neither logic nor philosophy could help me in any attempted reply. All that I could say was: "William, I have made up my mind not to marry. I am absorbed in the work of

my life. Many of the good men of the church are married to celibacy, and I expect to remain a celibate as long as the years roll by. Besides, our father expressed to me a wish that I might be something in the world and do something for the world." Then it was that brother came back upon me with a sledge-hammer laconic: "John, you may be something in the world, but you cannot do much for the world in an orderly and heavenward way without a good wife."

I subsided and asked the Doctor to hitch old Charley to the buggy and started back to Dayton absorbed in a soliloquy.

A few days after my return from Union Dr. Williard informed me that on the coming Saturday there would be a Sunday school picnic held by the Mt. Carmel congregation in the grove near the church and that I would be expected to make an address upon that occasion.

Saturday morning dawned "as bright as the sun of Osterlitz". In those days there were no cradle rolls—mostly on paper. Little children were one of the staple productions of the Miami Valley. Many young people were assembled in the grove, as musical as Orphius, and as happy as meadow larks. The Dayton band was out with all their wind instruments.

After a musical prelude, the entertainment opened up with an appropriately brief prayer. Songs of happy greetings saluted every ear. The balmy air was filled with the redolence of flowers and the cadances of Christian melodies. Dr. Wil-

liard then climbed into the band-wagon and delivered an excellent address to the assembled multitude. After an appropriate solo by one of the sweet singers of Israel, I was introduced to follow with "a few remarks". I then also got into the wagon, and for a few moments stood abashed before that great multitude of little children, beautiful women and brave men. Recovering myself, in part, from my embarrassment, I broke the momentary silence by a somewhat confused and confusing statement that since the senior pastor of the Mt. Carmel Church had covered the whole field by his most excellent and appropriate address, I had nothing to say, adding that there were two ways to say nothing. The one way was to employ a good many empty words, and the other way was to remain quiet and say nothing with eloquent reticence. I then stepped down out of the band-wagon, but I have not been able, even unto this day, to understand just why the audience cheered me to the echo.

Then came the most palatable part of the program. A long table was spread with immaculate linen and laden with an ample supply and great variety of good things too numerous to mention in full. Among these were the fruits of the season and the products of the domestic dairy, green apple pie, ripe tomatoes, fried chicken and potato salad, ice cream and angel-cake in great abundance.

Surrounding the table as a **standing** committee of the whole, we all partook of the luscious fruits, dainty dishes and savory viands with relish and

gratitude. The whole sumptuous affair was liberally seasoned with table talk.

After the feast came the usual flow of soul and social chatter, and Oh, what a flow!

I joined the happy throng at the picnic, enjoyed, somewhat, the gaiety of the transient hour, spending most of the time with the elderly people present. Many of these were wealthy farmers who with their good wives had become prosperous by husbanding their means, and, for all I knew to the contrary, were not unwilling that some of the young men present might husband some of their daughters.

Then came a singular and rather novel turn "in the affairs of men"—and young women. As there were no finger bowls and table napkins at the picnic, and as the fingers of the guests were supposed to be a little smeary after eating fried chicken without forks, it was agreed upon among the leaders of society that the young preacher should have clean hands as well as a pure heart before he "ascended into the hill of the Lord to stand in his holy place". It was, therefore, resolved by some of the young ladies that a new style of finger bowl should be invented and placed at his service. And Oh, what a lavatory!

A watermelon was cut, from the equatorial circumference, clear across its periphery to the center of its core. One hemisphere of the said melon was emptied of its contents and the concavity thereof was refilled with water squeezed out of the contents thus removed. This well filled

finger bowl was placed upon the table, and a charming young lady—about old enough to take charge of a cradle roll,—invited me to come and wash my hands and fingers.

As this little episode was pulled off at Mt. Carmel, it reminded me of the historic occurrence on another Mt. Carmel in the days of Elijah the Tishbite when there was also a great scarcity of water. The servant of the *meloncholy* prophet was not permitted to rest until he saw a little cloud above the Mediterranean lavatory "**Like a man's hand**". I. Kings 18:44.

The incident passed with the usual amount of that innocent silliness which some pious people are capable of perpetrating at times of excessive mirthfulness. I did not, like Pontius Pilate, wash my hands in such innocence. It did not seem to me to be in strict accord with proper ministerial dignity to indulge in such nonsense, especially when there was danger of being caught and held by the sweet and sticky substance which some of the designing young ladies had placed in that novel lavatory.

How was I to escape that seemingly trying ordeal in a life already distinguished by little else but romance? To be or not to be; that was the question. Fortunately for me, there was present a young gentleman member of the church of which I was the junior pastor—a Mr. Joseph Kimmel. Being somewhat disgusted over the silliness that clusted around the lavatory, he came to me and offered me a means of relief from my embarrass-

ment, by tendering me the use of his horse and buggy to take a little drive into the surrounding country. He also thoughtfully told me that I should select a young lady from the crowd to accompany me in a little trip down the Germantown turnpike.

I thanked him very kindly and selected his sister, Miss Barbara Kimmel, the young lady of the recent "hot coffee" incident, the young lady which I had so generously recommended to my brother, William H. Swander, M. D. She was gracious enough to accept of my invitation, and seated together in the splendid rig thus placed at my disposal, we spent an hour away from the scene of religious silliness. It was the first time that we had been in each other's company by ourselves. The parts she took in conversation made a further favorable impression upon my mind. After some favorable mention and charitable criticism upon the travesties of the day, we returned to the grove with my mind fully convinced that my brother was missing a good thing by not acting upon the advice which I had so fraternally given him in his office at Union.

In August I obtained a leave of absence to visit my parents at Tiffin. How anxious they were to see me and to learn from my report that I was succeeding fairly well in the ministry. After spending a few days in the old home and more especially in the society of my mother, my father took me back to the train and sent me off with a father's benediction. A few days after my return to Day-

ton I met with something somewhat similar to my own experience. On the following Sunday as I was hitching "old Charley" behind the church at Chambersburg in which a congregation had assembled to hear me preach, I was approached by a young man with a blush upon his right cheek, who confidentially told me that he was going to be married, asked me to officiate at his wedding and said that he would come to Dr. Williard's house. I assured him of the great pleasure it would afford me to be at his service.

Returning home, I told the senior pastor of my good luck in having a wedding in prospect, and good Mrs. Williard kindly offered me the use of the parlor, and dusted it up for the approaching nuptial occasion. On Monday I went to the Probate Court and told Judge Baggott that I wanted him to issue me a marriage license. He congratulated me upon the wisdom of my decision to get married, and told me what an important thing marriage was for a young minister surrounded with female gaities. I replied: "Why Judge, I do not wish to get married, but desire license from the commonwealth to solemnize marriages when other people are willing to make the venture." I received the document which I had asked for, and have it with me even unto this day.

On Tuesday while I was in the study looking through the Directory of Worship for a suitable ceremony, there was a somewhat nervous ringing of the bell at the front door. I immediately arose and opened the said front door. There stood the

Chambersburg gentleman—all alone. With a sort of a pitiable looking sheepishness about his countenance, he said, "Preacher, it's all off, **the girl backed out**". I knew just how to sympathize with him. Then poised my soul in sad soliloquy. When was this series of sentimental silliness to end?

And then it seemed that life's a seeming
Moonbeam in a mystic dance.
And more, I dreamed that I was dreaming
Of transient shadows in a trance.

Some weeks after this—in October—Dr. Williard, returning from preaching at the Bethel Church, told me that there was to be a wedding at South Charleston, on Thursday—some twelve miles north of Dayton, and as he had another engagement for that day, I should attend to the pleasurable duty of placing the seal of the State of Ohio upon the engagement vows between that happy pair.

According to arrangements made by the party, I went to South Charleston on the day before the wedding, stayed all night in the home of the bride's parents, and was called out of bed early the next morning, to marry the couple before breakfast. I played my part, and played it well. Nothing succeeds like success. It was the first time in my matrimonial experience—at long distance—that the affair did not prove a failure.

CHAPTER V.

Called to a Parsonage.

IN the winter of 1859-60, Dr. Williard received a request from Rev. J. C. Klahr of the Tarlton charge to assist him in the dedication of a new church in that village. He accepted the invitation, and about the time he was to start upon the trip Mrs. Williard took suddenly sick. The Doctor, therefore, concluded to send me as a substitute. Traveling by the stage-coach route from Columbus, via. Circleville, I arrived in Tarlton on Saturday evening just in time to attend services in the new church. The other visiting ministers were already in the pulpit. I took my place in the pew near the stove, unknown and unidentified. The Rev. John Pence, one of Ohio's pioneer ministers, preached the sermon. It was from the text: "What profit is it if we serve him".

During my stay at Tarlton I was eneterained at the home of Elder ———. On Sunday morning I preached the dedicatory sermon to a large audience, and took part in the consecratory act. It also fell to my lot to preach again in the evening. After the services I offered my arm of assistance to the

Elder's daughter and accompanied her to her father's house. She invited me into the parlor—away from the company in the sitting-room. She made herself conspicuously agreeable, and I reciprocated in those prudent remarks becoming a young minister—that's all.

The next morning as I bid the family goodby, and was stepping into the stage-coach awaiting me at the door, the young lady, in a clever hand-shake, very adroitly slipped a gold ring into my hand. I had neither the time nor opportunity to take in the significance of the act. As I was carried away in that old ramshackle stage-coach, I recovered myself sufficiently to look at the ring and wondered what was signified by the gift of that emblem of unending affection.

In this newly proposed method of what might have been interpreted as a possible matrimonial preliminary, I had forgotten to remember an incident that had occurred on Sunday at the house of Elder ———. There was present at dinner a Mr. Joseph Reedy, from Ross County, who in the table-talk remarked to me that they were without a pastor, and inquired of me whether I would not visit the Kinnikinnick charge, if properly invited by the committee on supplies. I replied that I would be at liberty to consider the matter about the first of April. The "ring service" will be continued in the next chapter of this book.

Returning to Dayton, I reported—in part—to the senior pastor, of my pleasant trip and duties discharged at Tarlton. After a few weeks I re-

ceived a letter from the committee on supplies at Kinnikinnick, inviting me to visit the charge and preach several sermons—trial sermons—with a view to becoming their pastor, should the people of the charge and I mutually agree to such a settlement. As an inducement for me to make the visit, I was informed in the said letter that the charge had a **very good parsonage** near the white Church on the turnpike. I laid the matter before Dr. Williard, and after some prayer and meditation, and some hesitancy, I wrote to the committee that I would visit them as requested. The hesitation was caused by the queer little quandry in my mind as to just what I would do with the parsonage on the turnpike.

I arranged with the committee to spend one Sunday with the people in Ross County. It was in February, 1860. Elder George Holman met me at the door of the stage-coach upon its arrival at Chillicothe, on a Saturday morning. After a drive of ten miles to his home, and spending the night in his family, he took me on Sunday morning to the church where an anxious audience was awaiting to see me and hear me preach. My text was, "Behold I stand at the door and knock". As I came down the pulpit steps, the good people greeted me most cordially, and seemed willing to open "the door" of the parsonage to receive me.

As Elder Holman drove past the parsonage on our way back to his house, he called my attention to the manse with some suggestive remarks about the well arranged interior thereof—that it con-

tained a parlor, sitting-room, kitchen and bedroom—all pretty well up to date. Feeling myself personally addressed, I replied that I would not know what to do with the building as I was not married. The Elder arose to the occasion and told me that there was a young lady—a Miss R., an active member of the church, who would make a good wife for a young minister.

We drove on to the Elder's home where I relished the dinner pretty well for that psychological moment. In the evening I again held service in the church and preached another sermon to the assembled audience. Next morning I started on my return trip. Arriving at Dayton, I awaited developments.

On the 13th of March, 1860, I received a letter from the committee of the Kinnikinnick charge informing me that I had been unanimously elected to the pastorate, and that I would find enclosed a call to the said charge. It was duly set forth in the call that they would show me all due respect as a Christian people, pay me \$400 per annum as my salary, together with **the use of the parsonage** belonging to the charge. The call was duly signed by all the members of the Consistory. After giving myself time to recover from the immediate effects of the shock, I laid the document before the senior pastor, without getting very much consolation. I was up against a very troublesome proposition, went out to take a walk, returned, looked into the mirror to see whether I was not sick, went to bed, slept but little. Next morning when the

Doctor called me out to the dining-room for family worship, I did hope that he would not call on me that morning to lead in prayer. I called to mind the lyric sentiment:

What various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy seat.

I spent the morning in "ruminations sad". After dinner I called Dr. Williard into the study on very important business. As it was my turn that evening to conduct the midweek service at the church, I asked the good Doctor to excuse me from the duty. He wished to know why. I told him that I was not feeling very well and that I wanted to take a walk into the country for my health. He kindly granted my request.

I then started to go to Mr. Lewis Kimmel's. Walking out to the Eaton turnpike it seemed to me that I was approaching another crisis in my life. Beyond the Soldiers' Home I turned from the pike, and as I was going down through the sugar camp to Father Kimmel's residence I thought of the "hot coffee" incident which had occurred about eight months before that time.

I was met at the door by the members of the family with that cordial greeting due the junior pastor. Soon, to my relief, Miss Barbara came into the sitting room, and I arose to greet her with a somewhat embarrassed gallantry. She was attired in a new calico dress. As I was one of the shepherds of that domestic fold I discreetly divided my attention among all the members of the family,

and yet I now believe that I gave Miss Barbara a little special attention.

After supper the family came together in the sitting-room. Father Kimmel laid the old family Bible on the stand and requested me to conduct family worship, which, of course, I did as one of the pastors of the church to which the family belonged. After prayer, there was some further conversation in a social way. Then the rest of the household went out of the sitting-room, leaving Miss Barbara and myself all alone—and yet we were not alone. I then began to realize that I was there on business suggested by the emptiness of the parsonage on the turnpike.

Seating myself near her, I said: "Miss Barbara I am here on a very important matter. I do not wish to be entirely unconventional in my manner of opening up the subject which I wish to present for our mutual consideration. You are not an entire stranger to me, although I have spent but little time in your company. I have frequently seen you in the church as a devout worshiper; I have observed your womanly dignity in society where others seemed to have lost themselves in its dizzy whirl; I have noticed you in your father's family when in a sudden emergency you manifested great presence of mind and sound judgment; in fact I have been led to admire your womanly qualities, and now I am here to **ask you to become my wife.** Will you help me to occupy the parsonage in the Kinnikinnick charge, to the pastorate of which I have been called? Indeed, I have such a high and

proper regard for you as a Christian woman that I had gone so far as to offer you to my only brother Dr. William H. Swander of Union, as the young lady who would make him an ideal companion." Observing a little humor expressing itself in a peculiar glance of her eyes, and asking her what it was in which she was so much interested, she replied that she was amused over my **unwarranted display of fraternal generosity**. Recovering myself, in part, from my well deserved embarrassment, I continued: "I have great respect and admiration for you personally, and I believe that I could learn to love you as a husband should love an amiable Christian companion. **Will you be my wife?**"

Her reply was as unconventional as my question had been direct. She answered me without manifesting any silly sentimentality: "**I believe that I would be happy with you.**"

There was a pause in the course of this interesting colloquy. I then continued: "Miss Barbara, there is something more that I wish to say to you before the wedding day has been agreed upon. I will relate it in all candor. I was once engaged to a young lady whom I loved most passionately—a noble, virtuous girl. The engagement ran through several years. The wedding day was to have been in June. In May preceeding, I was made to suffer from some cause that I have not yet been able to understand. The young lady all of a sudden made the discovery that she did not love me, and declared the wedding off." In the common parlance of that time, she gave me the

"grand bounce". Before I could explain more fully, Miss Barbara replied: "I don't care if she did."

Miss Barbara and I then arranged for our wedding to take place two weeks from the next morning. She then handed me a tallow dip in a brass candlestick, and conducted me to the door of the spare bedroom and bid me goodnight. Well do I remember that momentous turning point in the history of my eventful life.

I sought not for an empty elf,
Spurned by this poor planet's paltry pelf:—
And found my own responsive self.

Gen. 2:23; Eph. 5:29

And when I told her my design
She placed her artless hand in mine
And made my skies resplendent shine.

Prov. 18:22

With little say and less delay,
And no conventional display
We stepped into the heavenward way.

John 2:2

That golden hour still lingers near,
Enshrined in thought and memory dear,
Its joys enhanced from year to year.

Prov. 4:18

Though Stygian storms our path have crossed,
And billows our frail barks have tossed,
Our paradise was never lost.

Prov. 31:12; Col. 3:18-19

The next morning Father Kimmel took me back to Dayton in the family carriage. Dr. Williard met me in our study and told me that I was to go that afternoon to conduct the funeral services

of a young lady who had suddenly died five miles north of the city on the bank of the Stillwater. Before hitching "old Charley" to the buggy I told the Doctor that I was going to be married two weeks from that morning and that Miss Kimmel had of course chosen the senior pastor to perform the significant ceremony. He congratulated me with but one additional remark: "Miss Kimmel is conscientious in all that she does". I went and conducted the funeral services and returned reflecting upon the fact that the pendulum of this world oscillates between two extremes—from joy to sorrow and back again.

I had scarcely seated myself in our study when good Mrs. Williard came in and handed me a package which, in my absence, had been left in her custody. I opened the parcel in which was enclosed a neat little note from a young lady at Chambersburg, with her compliments in presenting me with a **bran new shirt**, already laundried and ready for use. Thus were preparations begun to provide me with a wedding outfit.

On the next Monday morning, as I was returning from some ministerial duties performed on Sunday in the western part of Montgomery County, I called in at Father Kimmel's to see Miss Barbara for a few minutes, and to ask her parents' consent to our marriage. Their consent was given with an expressed hope that the blessing of God would rest upon us in our union with each other.

On the 28th of March, after asking Dr. Williard to secure a marriage license for us, I went

to the livery barn and got a horse and carriage and drove out to Father Kimmel's, stayed all night with the family and on the memorable morning of the 29th, we drove to the city accompanied by the family, and were quietly married by the senior pastor in Mrs. Williard's parlor.

After our marriage, the happy pair started to Tiffin on a brief bridal tour. My good parents met us at the station. I was proud to introduce to them their daughter-in-law. My mother and my wife soon fell in love with each other. In the old family carriage we were conveyed to my old home in the country. My sisters welcomed us most heartily. On Sunday we went to church in Tiffin, and heard Dr. Higbee preach on the gospel for the day—Palm Sunday. On Tuesday we started back to Dayton under the rich benediction of my parents. As we were traveling along in the train, I noticed an expression of anxiety resting upon Mrs. Swander's countenance, and asked her whether she was unwell. She said, "No, I am well, but I have been wondering how we were going to get money to stock the parsonage". I then gave her an agreeable surprise as I for the first time informed her that I had about \$500 saved up from my earnings as a school teacher and in other industrial pursuits. She seemed pleased at that evidence of my frugality. Reaching her old home, the family gave us a cordial reception and a sumptuous wedding dinner.

CHAPTER VI.

Starting to the Parsonage.

ON Thursday we started for Ross County. As we were leaving, Father Kimmel handed me \$100 to purchase some furniture with which to begin housekeeping. Stopped over night with the family of Rev. Samuel Mease, D. D., in Cincinnati. On Good Friday went on to Chillicothe. Stopped over night at the Valley House. In that hotel we found a Bible and built our family altar. On that altar the fires of devotion never went entirely out. On Saturday Elder Robinson took us out to Kinnickinnick and kept us over night.

Easter, April the 8th, dawned auspiciously upon the world. At the White Church we were greeted by a large congregation. Seating Mrs. Swander in the pew with the Elder's wife, I ascended the pulpit and preached my initial sermon from the text, "**Behold the Man**". In a few introductory remarks, I said: "I come not to you, dear brethren, with excellency of speech, neither with the wisdom of men. For I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Therefore the text, Behold the Man! The Divine Man, and yet the Man of sorrows and

acquainted with grief. That sorrow and grief was reaching its culmination when he suffered under Pontius Pilate. Behold the pale prisoner at the bar! Consider the tragedy of the cross when the sun, with more humanity than man, rolled back his chariot wheels and refused to shed his light upon the death of his Creator."

In the body of the sermon I said in part and in substance: Our visit is to Calvary. We go there to behold the man in his dying agonies. Let us not seek to behold him with the natural eye, but through the eye of faith. Behold **the** man—the God man. Look away from yourselves and your self righteousness. Jesus alone can save. His arm is strong. His grace is sufficient for you. Lean upon his arm. He will bear you up in the trials of life. There is no other name under heaven given whereby we may be saved. He died for our sins that he might arise for our justification. The gloom of Good Friday prepares the way for the glory of Easter. Christ is risen from the dead. By faith in him we are risen with him. If ye then be risen with him, seek those things which are above. Set your affections on things above and not on things which are upon the earth.

After the service, I came down to mingle with the audience. The congregation came forward to greet us. The Elder's wife introduced Mrs. Swander to the ladies, while I circulated myself among the male members of the church and the community.

On the following Tuesday the congregation

gave us a reception at the parsonage, leaving many testimonials of their considerate kindness to start us up in housekeeping. The larder was filled, the pantry was stored and the chicken yard made musical with cackling animation.

Mrs. Swander joined most cheerfully in setting our house in order. The rooms were put into a sanitary condition, furniture was purchased and put into proper places for full domestic service. I planted a garden eastward in our holy Eden, purchased a horse and buggy and proceeded with the work which the Father had given me to do. Neither was I wanting for a helpmate in the vineyard. She knew how to make herself conspicuous by her unpretentious inconspicuity, and to practice the art of usefulness without that ambition by which the angels fell.

She had little use for church-fairs, peanut piety and other modern church methods of pop goes the weasel. She did not believe in raising the Lord's money by games of chance, ice cream and lobster salad sandwiched between prayers and songs. Such was her whole life of Christian consistency. With no display of carnal pride in religious affairs, she was, nevertheless, a positive power for good as an active member of the church.

Soon after we had become fairly settled in the charge, Lancaster Classic convened in annual session at Basil, in Fairfield County. Of course I took Mrs. Swander with me to that ecclesiastical assembly. As our line of travel ran through Tarlton, we stopped for a short time at the house of

Elder —— to see the girl that I was obliged to leave behind me at the door of the old stage-coach.

I introduced Mrs. Swander to the young lady who had so generously given me the ring. They greeted each other with mutual affection. After some conversation in a social way, we arose to continue our journey to Basil. The young lady accompanied us to the buggy. It was now my time to do the adroit act. After I had assisted Mrs. Swander into the buggy, I tenderly bid the Elder's daughter goodby and left the **ring** in **her** hand.

During the first five years of my ministry, my fidelity and success were sorely tested by the war between the States. The country was disturbed, sentiment was divided, political passion was greatly inflamed and many of the young men of the church went into the army. Some of them never returned alive. Young and sometimes inconsiderate, I did not always do and say the things most prudent. It was largely because the people were sometimes more cool headed than their pastor that my ministry among them was fairly successful.

I was the first man drafted in Ross county to serve in the army. The drafting began in Green Township, and of the two hundred and twenty-six names put into the wheel of fortune my name was the first to come out. I never shall forget how it filled my good wife with painful anxiety. Yet the suspense soon passed away. Before I was notified by the Provost Marshall my good neighbors made up and presented me with a purse of \$435, which

enabled me to purchase my relief from military duty.

I was not enthusiastically in favor of the war. Like our great President, Woodrow Wilson, I even then believed that the ideal Christian nation ought to be "too proud" to fight. Neither have I yet lived long enough to change my mind upon that subject. I was not in favor of perpetuating negro slavery in the South, yet I held, and still hold, that the billions of dollars thus expended to lay millions of men upon the bloody altar of Mars had better been spent in purchasing the emancipation of those in bondage.

Of a regiment of soldiers raised in Ross county, one company was in the vicinity of the White Church on the turnpike. Some the best young men in my charge rallied around the flag. Captain Bookwalter asked me to address the boys before they started for the tented field. I consented to do so, and the following was my address in full:

Soldiers: At the call of your country, your patriotic hearts could no longer find room to beat within the hallowed circles of peace and happiness at home. You are, therefore, about to sunder the most sacred cords of affection that bind you to the warmest objects of your love and the adorable idols of your hearts. Your bleeding country's calls have sounded louder in your ears than all thundertones of human sympathy. Fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, fond companions and children dear, and all the hallowed associations that issue from the sealed fountain of domestic endearments are to be left behind for a time—perhaps forever. Young gentlemen, we love you for your self denial; we laud you for your valor; we admire you for your patriotism; and our prayer to

heaven shall be that Jehovah may be your Shield and Buckler, and bring you all at last to swell the glittering ranks of that blood washed army of the redeemed in glory.

Go, young gentlemen, and the Lord be with you. Some of you are professors of the Christian religion, you have enlisted under the banner of the cross—that old emblem of human liberty, more valuable and venerable than even the old federal flag with all its stars and stripes. See too it then, that while you are engaged to rescue the banner of your country from the unholy tread of erring brothers, you do not let the banner of Immanuel be trodden under foot. Do not leave your religion at home; and when you take it with you, do not leave it on the battle field, unless you leave your bodies there. Even then your faith should serve your deathless spirits as wings with which to fly above the clouds of mortality. The bravery of the battle field may strew the soldier's path and crown his brow with laurels of renown, and even erect a monument above his grave, but religious character alone can furnish that monument with an unsullied and undying epitaph.

Some of you do not profess to be Christians. To all such I have to say that while I admire your patriotism, I cannot commend your wisdom in choosing to live and risking to die without hope and without God in the world. The blood of Christ alone can prepare you for a hero's victory or embalm you for a truly valiant soldier's grave. The ancient Greeks never ventured to the battle field without asking the favor and protection of their gods. If heathenism led the Greeks to implore the protection of Mars, the bloody god of war, should not Christian civilization teach you to ask the favor of Him who is indeed the God of battles and giver of victories?

Go, and the Lord be with you. May your love for your country never decrease. May your patriotism remain unabated, your morals uncorrupted, your bodies unharmed and your lives unsacrificed. And when the auspicious morn of peace shall dawn upon our bleeding country, may

you all return again with your ranks unbroken, bringing to our eager ears the news that

Columbia's soil is cleansed from treason,
Her citizens again at rest;
The rights of all have been protected
The wrongs of all have been redressed.

When thus redeemed and reunited the anarchies and monarchies of the world will be glad to bow with respect and reverence before the superlative majesty of the American people.

The war did not have a very salutary effect upon society. While there was a religiousness expressed by the sad countenances of some, there was a manifestation of reckless dissipation and self abandonment in the lives of others. Mars ruled the masses. The young people were not seriously disposed. Saltpeter had taken the place of St. Peter. Many were carried away by the martial music of fife and drum. The exciting strains of fiddle strings aroused social and sexual passions. Inconsiderate church members leaped over the bounds of propriety and plunged into the dizzy whirl of frenzied fools. The line of proper distinction between the church and the world was pretty hard to locate. Some of the young members of my charge were in danger of losing their piety by intimate association with unbelievers and those who scoffed at religion.

To confirm the truth and illustrate the condition of society in and about Hallsville as set forth in the above analysis, I may be justified in relating the following case of matrimonial travesty which came under my observation and into the compass

of my experience near Hallsville, Ohio, during the war between the States. Miss Emma —— was an innocent girl member of my congregation. Yet, like others she seems to have thought that it was her duty to get a husband at any price. She therefore stepped into the dizzy whirl of mixed society with the Byronian motto.

“On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined
When youth and beauty meet.”

Falling into the arms of a miserable wretch by the name of William ——, she rashly entered into an engagement to become his wife. In a few days the monster came to the parsonage with a marriage license and informed me that they would be there that evening to be joined in marriage. I took the license and held the document for five weeks before I heard anything more of the affair. At the close of that period, he came rushing down the turnpike and informed me that “it’s all right again,” and asked me if I still had the license. Upon being informed that the precious paper was still in my possession, he informed me that they would call in the evening. They came and were joined in one of those **Lucifer kind of matches**, not made in heaven. He then handed me a dollar, and instead of kissing the bride, he surveyed her with a sort of Satanic smile and said: “Well, do you feel any better now?”

I was most seriously shocked. If it could have been served in proper ministerial form, I would have pitched the young scoundrel out of

the manse. For a little while I was not in a proper mood to repeat the Lord's prayer with very much divine unction. If David could say that "all men are liars", I could and did think that some men are brutes. No man has a right to marry any woman without proper respect for the sex that furnished him with a mother: No woman has the right to throw herself into the arms of a masculine monster: And no gentleman will marry a lady unless he looks upon her as made but little lower than the angels.

Alarmed at the state of things around Halls-ville, I resolved to sound a bugle note of warning by preaching a sermon in that vicinity where such dissipation was running riot in vicious voluptuousness. I, therefore, sent out an announcement that I would preach a special sermon in Spencer's Schoolhouse, in the vicinity where voluptuousness tripped the light fantastic toe.

Returning from Middlefork where I had preached in the morning, I stopped at the schoolhouse at two o'clock in the afternoon where a large congregation awaited my coming. I entered the stand in front of the blackboard with the intention of preaching from a new text which I thought was in the book of Proverbs, and which I expected to find without the aid of Cruden's Concordance. After the more devotional part of the service, while the audience was singing a hymn, I opened the Bible and undertook to locate my text. I could not find it, but found that I was up against a very embarrassing proposition. I

had a sermon but no text to fit it. In my embarrassed condition I told the people that those of them who read their Bibles could find it for themselves. I announced my text: "**He that lieth down with dogs getteth up with fleas.**" I then proceeded to give the exposition of the text—dwelt eloquently upon the importance of keeping good company—showed the evil effects of keeping bad company, especially in youth when passions are more easily excited and reason more in danger of falling from its throne, called attention to the danger that lurked in the promiscuous dance, and more especially, so when there was **too much economy practiced by the dressmakers.** It was a good sermon and had a good effect upon the community. However, after that, through all my ministerial life, I made sure of my text before I prepared and preached the sermon.

After the battle of Gettysburg had turned the tide of war back into the territory of the South, I was sent in October, 1863, to represent Lancaster Classis at the General Synod of the Reformed Church to convene in Pittsburg. Of the one hundred and twelve ministers and elders who were then present as delegates, there are now but **three** living. I am one of the three. What a salutary impression was made upon my mind as I was permitted to hold counsel with my seniors and superiors as we there and then organized the highest judicatory of the Reformed Church in the United States. How solemn the thought that one hundred

and nine of that number are now in glory while their deeds are in history.

While in Pittsburg, I was the guest of a Mr. Wooldridge and sister, young people, very happy keeping house together. They were Presbyterians. No doubt they have also gone to join the General Assembly of those whose names are written in heaven. Mr. Wooldridge was in the business of refining the crude oil which had just then recently been bored for and pumped out of the earth in western Pennsylvania. When I was ready to leave their hospitable home he made me a present of a four gallon can of his refined illuminating fluid, which I took home with me. How happy I was when I returned in safety to my dear family.

CHAPTER VII.

Filling the Parsonage.

HAVING been away from home, living, for more than a week, in a family composed of brother and sister, and returning again to live in a constituted family of which I was an inseparable and organic part,—a family of incalculable possibilities, I began to inquire of myself as to just what the domestic community involved and implied. My soliloquy took me far afield. As never before, I raised an inquiry of myself, as to just what the marriage state involved in possibilities, probabilities and responsibilities, in order to make it, in actuality, responsive to its true matrimonial idea as that exists in the mind of the eternal God.

Is marriage nothing more than licensed indulgence of legalized pleasure—with children as little accidentalities? Oh, ye shades of Saint Valentine! The pairing of birds and the mating of feathered songsters disprove the correctness of such a monstrous assumption. “Even the sparrow seeks a house, and the swallow a nest where **she may lay**

her young—even thine altars, Oh, Lord.” Ps. 84, and

Should human pairs be less inclined
Than birds and beasts to seek and find
The propagation of their kind?

It may be said in reply to the above delicate inquiry that birds and beasts do not know any better. As a partial answer to such an objection, the counter reply is that it would be well if human beings knew better than to attempt to become more wise than their Maker.

“Race suicide,” yes, that’s the key
That sounds man’s deathlike destiny
In carnalized indulgency.

Yes; but do the Heaven-ordained duties and privileges of the marriage state forbid the exercising of considerate judgment and reason? Is there no room in the sanctuary of marriage and home for common sense—the most uncommon of all the senses? Is there no demand for a combination of reason with love in the forum and felicities of the normal marriage state? Is it indeed the will of God that the married pairs should be the agents for the enlargement of the multiplication table in the slums saturated with disease, and surrounded with squalor and pestilential vice? Should the wife not be permitted to consider the matter of her own physical ability, and her husband’s pecuniary inability to provide for a family numerically enlarged?

Yes; we say emphatically, yes. And right here

one of the best forms of our modern progressive philanthropy steps in and offers its excellent preventive against one of the alarming evils which now threaten to sap the foundation of the whole social institution.

It is very properly proposed to **prevent improper** marriage, and thus forestall the evil of propagating disease in many of its physical, mental and moral ramifications. The proper treatment assumes, and correctly assumes, that an ounce of prevention is more valuable than a pound of cure.

The case may be covered by the appropriate illustration suggested by the good old temperance lady when her old turkey gobbler got drunk on the sediment thrown carelessly into the poultry yard from the vessel in which it had become steeped with the spirits of peach brandy. Observing that the turkey had gotten himself under the influence of booze and was circulating himself among the turkey hens with bacchanalian insanity with expressions of "quit", "quit", the good old lady who had been voting dry all her days, exclaimed: "Yes; you old fool; why did you not quit before you commenced?"

The case under consideration calls for no formal application of the above illustration. The axe must be laid at the root of the tree. Society must help itself by beginning at the fountain of the malady which now afflicts it. Regarding itself as a unit, and responsible to itself for its self-preservation, it has an inalienable right and is under the imperative duty to protect itself against

the further ravages of the evils that threaten its existence, even should it become necessary to enlarge the door-ways to its lunatic asylums, and increase the capacity within its penitentiary walls. Sex hygiene must not only be taught in theory, but also put into actual practice in family, Church and State—especially in the family.

The social structure is in danger—not only from the poor and ignorant and idiotic. There is more danger of race suicide and race degeneracy from a different source. After all the slums have been emptied and renovated and all marriages between fools and lunatics have been prevented by law and its enforcement, there may remain another source of evil to threaten the purity and perpetuity of society upon this sin polluted planet.

There is now a false culture and a false refinement going to seed in a curse. It is said that Boston has gone so far in cultivating some of the elements of false refinement that, if it were not for the German and Irish denizens, it could give birth to nothing but a dictionary, and that that would be considerably abridged. And the "Hub" is probably no worse than other portions of the social wheel that revolves around it. It is too generally the case that when false culture's hand has scattered false verdure o'er the land refined (?) ladies press pugs and poodles to their throbbing hearts, and leave their babes—unborn.

After living with Mrs. Swander long enough to overcome my constitutional timidity, I one day called her attention to the somewhat delicate ques-

tion of beginning to fill our little manse. I had been engaged for several years in my efforts to fill the pulpit, and it began to occur to me that it would be proper and right that she should assist me in my more laudable ambition to fill the parsonage. Mrs. Swander kindly agreed with what I had so embarrassingly suggested, and intimated that her household affairs should be conducted accordingly.

On the 30th of April, 1862, a little daughter came to our home. With mutual joy, and gratitude to God, we gave her the combined Christian names of her two grandmothers, Sarah Ellen. The Rev. Henry Williard, of Columbus, was called to baptize her; and thus to admit her sacramentally into the Church and Covenant of that God who had said that the promise of salvation was unto us and to our children.

Fifteen months after the birth of our daughter—August 7, 1863—God blessed us with a little son. Rev. George H. Leonard—my former roommate at college—came to the White Church and administered the rite of holy baptism, thus “planting him in the House of the Lord that he might flourish in the courts of our God”. Ps. 92:13. He took the name Nevin Ambrose, linking the names of the greatest theologians of the nineteenth century with that of the composer of the **Te Deum laudamus**, the Bishop of Milan, of the fifth century of the Christian era.

How happy we were as parents of two promising children. Perhaps our gratitude to God for

the first had something to do with God in sending us the second. We were at least reminded of the sentiment of the poet:

"When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received; propitious heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense
And doubles all its blessings."

As a mother's heart is more tender, and her parental affection more easily called out than that of her husband, Mrs. Swanders surpassed me in her domestic delights over the births of our children. With them she could prattle and for them she would sing.

While others sought to climb the dome
Above the social hippodrome
Her realm, her song was "Home, Sweet Home."

That song she dearly loved to sing
While our two little tots would cling
Fast to their mother's apron-string.

If such be home 'midst grief and tears
How much more that where love endears
All holy hearts through endless years.

With the parsonage thus partially filled, and our hearts overflowing with joy, we began to realize that we had a blessing indeed. I would sit with a child on each knee, and listen to their innocent, infant prattle, as I hoped and prayed that they might be spared to support their parents in their old age, and be a blessing to the world.

Home is heaven on earth, and heaven is home

hereafter. The Christian family! It is the first of all the institutions ordained of God, and the hope of all the others—the cradle of social confidence, the gem of social beauty, the Gibraltar of social strength, and the foretaste of all that heaven can hold.

How important it is that the family be well bred, well fed, well governed, well cultured and well sanctified and saved by Divine grace. How sad to think that little children are often permitted to grow up like wild asses' colts, yet this is too frequently the case—even in the church.

The above case may be illustrated, by relating a most ludicrous incident that came under my observation in 1863 at the Middlefork Church. It was in a wild section of the country, and among the Hocking hills. My dreams, when stopping over night among the people were set to music by the whip 'o-wills. The interesting scene was laid in the church. I was preaching about children obeying their parents, and the parents not provoking their children to anger, when Lo! the following incident came under "the droppings of my sanctuary". A Mrs. Julian and her little daughter got into a domestic scrap while in church. The affair took the form, not only of facial grimaces and words but also of deeds. As the combat deepened, they actually came to blows and counter-blows. The audience was distracted, and for the first time the preacher retreated in the pulpit. I sat down and waited for a treaty of peace. The belligerents

took the hint and adjourned for the woods. I then arose and finished my sermon.

Thus did the years roll by until we had spent nearly five of them in our first parsonage. Our relation to the people was unstrained, and our ministry successful.

In the fall of 1864 I received a call to the church in Lancaster, Fairfield County. The charge was under the care of the Home Missionary Board. After consulting with Mrs. Swander, I decided to make a change of pastorates.

In two farm wagons our furniture was taken overland. Two of my good neighbors flitted me across the country. It was on New Year's day, 1865. The good people received us cordially and we were soon settled in the parsonage.

My work among the people was pleasant, yet I soon found that city life was not to be compared with the refined rusticity of that which we had left behind us. Besides, preparing and preaching two different sermons every week was different from preparing one sermon every two weeks and repeating its delivery in four congregations.

I, however, had certain literary advantages over everything that I could hope for away from public libraries and higher educational institutions. I was soon appointed by Judge Lehman to a place on the County Board of School Examiners. This brought me into beneficial and agreeable relation to the educational work in the schools of the county, and served to stimulate me with a desire to get nearer the heart of nature by entering the

field of scholastic inquiry and a more scientific research. Country school teachers are a class of ambitious young men and women with whom it is good to associate.

The parsonage was located across the alley near the County Jail. On a Saturday night as I was engaged in the preparation of my sermon for Sunday, I heard an unusual racket in the prison, followed by a crashing of sash and a shattering of glass in the east window. I ran out to take in the cause of the unusual noise and saw two prisoners escaping from the jail, ???? No, I thank you, I did not try to recapture the fleeing fugitives. I, however, ran to the door of the opera house and called to the audience: **"The prisoners have broken out of jail"**. Charley Rainney, the Deputy Sheriff, came out in a hurry, and asked me which way they went. I told him that they had gone east, past the Catholic Church. He, with many others followed in swift pursuit and caught the escaped prisoners before they could get out of town.

Sheriff Shissler, making a note of my detective vigilance, and taking advantage of my nearness to the prison, frequently invited me in to visit his family—especially that part of it behind the bars. In the Sheriff's absence from home, I was repeatedly called in to assist his wife in serving dinner to her unwilling guests. She would place the "light refreshments" with me in the intermediary apartment, lock the door behind me, and then pass me the key with which to open the door to the

jail proper, and thus give the guests access to the dining room.

There was then one prisoner in the jail for killing a Mr. Dressback in a heat of political passion. He asked me to visit him in the penitentiary to which the poor fellow had been sentenced for life. The following winter I made my promise good. The officer brought him out into the reception room and listened to our conversation in his presence. The prisoner's first question was whether there was any movement on foot to secure his pardon. I told him not yet, and advised him to so conduct himself as a prisoner that his good behavior would call out the sympathy of the public.

During my first year at Lancaster everything seemed to move promisingly and pleasantly forward. My audiences were very encouraging, both in attendance and attention. I was as popular as a minister ought to be in this wicked world, in which the voice of the people is not always the voice of God. I was growing in mental attainments and hoped that I was not retrograding in my spiritual life. Social surroundings were all that could be desired for myself and family. I had numerous weddings in the church and in the world. I was frequently called to deliver addresses on interesting public occasions. Many members were received into the church under my ministrations. Upon the whole I was generally regarded a success. The congregation took courage and began to devise liberal things. The consistory, taking fresh encouragement over the outlook, resolved to hold a

church fair for the purpose of making money to pay off the debt upon the church. I at first opposed my consistory in its questionable undertaking, but reluctantly fell in with the movement. For that act of cautious cowardice I have repented for many years.

The movement was entered into almost unanimously, and with a zeal worthy of a better method of Christian activity. The Reformed churches in the country were appealed to for contributions, soliciting committees and foraging parties canvassed the country round about Jerusalem. Money and provisions were gathered in large quantities. The enterprise was liberally advertised through the papers. The City Hall was rented and festooned. Announcements were made from the pulpits of the town, and the forthcoming entertainment was heralded toward every point of the compass. Picture galleries were visited for the portraits of magnetic characters. The Republicans hung the paintings of their political idols upon the walls. The Democrats, not to be outdone in their zeal to harvest shekels for Zion, placed the picture of Clement L. Vallandigham upon the wall as their most drawing card.

Then was the tug of war that led to the great and decisive battle in the campaign. The ladies led the battle van, and their husbands supported them most gallantly, as the city band tooted out martial music to the tune of the devil's hornpipe. As the war was thus carried into darkest Africa the congregation was split into two factions ac-

cording to their politics. The Republicans left the hall and marched out in good order. The war-Democrats camped upon the field. A report of the pious scrap soon found its way down into the city. The Court House, which was then filled with Democrats, sent several regiments to the front. All the war-Democrats were called to the colors. The City Hall was filled to an overflow. The fair was a burlesque on piety, a financial success in the coining of ducats and a most humiliating exhibition of religious folly. As I was strongly suspected of being a Democrat, there was but one thing left for me to do. I resigned the pastorate.

After continuing six months longer in the charge trying to pour a little oil upon the troubled waters, I received a call to the Union charge near Springfield, Ohio, and in October, 1866, I moved my little family to Northampton and settled down in a neat parsonage and among a peaceable and pious people.

I there and then resolved to have part in no more church fairs. The affair at Lancaster was the first and last of its kind in my ministry of fifty-seven years. They are unnecessary and foolish attempts to build the temple of God with untempered mud. They may meet with seeming temporary success, but in the end they defeat the purpose had in view. If church entertainments are held for financial profit, the profits are costly. If held for pleasure, they belie the true character of the Christian religion. Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less, but to sanctify

and bring them within the compass of consistency. Those church members who do not find relish and delight in the grapes of Canaan have never been weaned from the onions and flesh pots of Egypt.

CHAPTER VIII.

Another Form of Religious Energy.

IN my new charge I found a type of religion somewhat different from anything that I had hitherto met with predominating the community. North-western Clarke County was peopled with a large percent of German Baptists, by some called Dunkers. Their apprehension of Bible teachings made room for a considerable water properly applied or rather that the convert to Christianity needed to be applied to the water by immersion. These people constituted a very excellent element in the general makeup of the community. They were industrious, economical and prosperous. They were not proud, except possibly of the belief that they were otherwise. They also took pride in their fertile fields, large red barns, whitewashed fences and fair dealings with their neighbors. Their morality was such of which any community might be properly proud.

The other considerable religious element in the community required less water in baptism, but insisted upon much of the spirit. This was the prevailing type of piety among the people of the Reformed Church. Their religion was emotional

rather than prevailingly intellectual. They had little use for the educational elements in the building up of strong and symmetrical character. The Christian catechism was feared as though it were something antagonistic to the Bible. Spasmodic revivalism was unduly emphasized and big meetings were relied upon as being more important than the ordinary teachings of the pulpit and preachings of the gospel. Experimental piety was accentuated, and feeling was largely substituted for doctrine, duty and common sense.

Now it should not be inferred from the foregoing remarks that the emotional element in genuine piety should be ignored, decried or eliminated. Indeed it should be more properly and proportionately emphasized in our more popular forms of Christianity. It should, however, be kept in right relation to other equally indispensable elements of the symmetrical Christian character.

The trichotomous constitution of the human soul requires, in the matter of religion, that the judgment of the intellect, the volition of the will and the emotions of the heart should all be engaged and exercised in order to build character firm in its foundation, fair in its proportions, rich in its decorations, and worthy of the Divine Author and Finisher of man's salvation.

Although I held somewhat different views, I had no trouble to accommodate myself to the religious conditions as they then existed in the Union charge. The work only needed to be performed in such a way as to adapt itself to the spiritual

necessities of the church and the community. Of course the people not only desired, but also actually needed to be revived every winter. Big meetings were called for in each of the four congregations. Two weeks of service at each church was called the **winter campaign**. This kept me quite busy, and much away from my family; yet it seemed necessary in order to stock the members and the community with religion enough to carry them safely over the Fourth of July and through the dog days.

During my pastorate at Northampton I was Superintendent of the schools in the township. This appointment was made by the Board of Directors under an enabling act of the Legislature then in force. It was my duty to visit each of the nine schools in the township, inquire into the methods of teaching, and to give such advice and suggestions as, in my judgment, should be helpful to the teachers and beneficial to the pupils. I enjoyed the work very much, and the dinners very much better. The children made me their special guest. A table was spread in the school house, and the school master was also the master of ceremonies.

I was as popular as any minister of the persecuted Nazarene ought to be in this present evil world. My standing as a citizen and neighbor was good with the Dunkers. At one point only did I find difficulty in my desire to adjust myself to the religious condition of things in the community. The chronic contention was between two different modes of baptism. More account was made of the

form than of the fact of the sacrament. The Dunkers desired the spirit with a considerable of water; the Reformed people were satisfied with a very little water, but laid great stress upon possessing the spirit without measure. Now under this condition of sentiment where an individual of the Dunker persuasion would come to the "mourner's bench" and "get religion", the convert would desire to be received into the church by **immersion**. The rubrics or rules of the Directory of Worship in the Reformed Church made no provision for the ministers to receive converts in any other form of administering baptism except by **sprinkling** or pouring.

At the Jerusalem Church in 1869 I was sorely perplexed upon the point above mentioned. There was a convert by the name of Peter ———. His religious antecedents were Dunker. He had been taught in the home that a considerable water was necessary in baptism, and, unfortunately, he had by habit taught himself to vote wet whenever in the presence of a strong temptation, his morbid appetite would call for drink.

Now Peter was converted. Of his sincerity I had no doubt. He stood up at one of our revival meetings and publicly declared that it was his desire and intention to follow Christ all the days of his life. The congregation and the community were in sympathy with him. Furthermore, he expressed his desire to unite with the Reformed Church, yet he insisted that he should be immersed. I reasoned with him, telling him that he made more

account of immersion than he did of baptism itself. He finally yielded the point for which he had contended upon the condition that at least **one quart** of water should be applied in his case.

I have not been clear in my own mind even unto this day that I did just the right thing in compromising between two conflicting forms of administering the sacrament. I, however, yielded to his wish because I wished to get the brother into the church where I hoped to throw around him the sheltering arms of God's covenant of grace and help him to fight his proneness to intemperance.

At the time for the reception of members, he came forward and knelt with the others before the chancel rail. After his public profession of his faith in Christ, I administered unto him the sacramental sign and seal of covenant grace. True to my promise, I used a whole quart of water. Amidst the solemn silence of that Christian audience, water, like Aaron's anointing oil, ran down to the hem of his garments. Much of it, in fact, ran down on the inside of his shirt collar—but it did the poor man no permanent good. True he did seemingly run well for awhile, and what should have hindered him from continuing to the goal toward which he started. Alas, the sin that did so easily beset—upset—him! Oh, Lord, how weak is poor human nature, and how strong are the drink traffic and the drink habit. Now Brother Peter was no hypocrite. **That** Peter did not deny his Lord; yet he did not arm himself with that spiritual

strength necessary to deny himself in the presence of the tempting bowl.

I am preparing myself for some surprises when I reach heaven. I may there see some who fell by the wayside on earth because of some constitutional weakness, which even divine grace failed to overcome. My God may not have told all that a loving Father is able and willing to do for his poor, weak and erring children.

"With all our faults he loves us still."

The good people of the Union charge were in the habit of making their pastor donations each year. As there were four congregations in the charge, there would be four donations. These were usually right after the closing of the big meetings in the winter time. A day would be agreed upon, and the members would come together at the parsonage, bringing their gifts in sleds, wagons and various other ways. They would take possession of the parsonage, serve a sumptuous dinner, and ask the pastor and family to dine.

After dinner there was an hour or more spent socially, and in religious services. The church had not yet advanced far enough along the line of the "sawdust trail" to sandwich games between prayers and songs.

These donations were usually so liberal and large as to leave much more of certain commodities at the parsonage than my family could use. This surplus I took to Springfield and traded it for groceries.

Our settlement in Northampton brought us much nearer to Mrs. Swander's old home. As we were then living but twenty-five miles away from her parents, there would be frequent family reunions under the parental roof. How glad her parents were to see us in their approaching old age. I now feel that if I had my life to live over again, I would spend more of my youthful hours in company with my mother, and, if possible, be more indulgent to my little children, without slackening the reins of parental authority. Why does this feeling come upon us with our advancing years? Is it not because the approaching maturity of Christian manhood makes us more like little children, of whom the Lord said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven"?

It opens up the fountains of past endearments to recall the felicities of other days around me. Our children were respectively six and five years old. They would sit on my knees and listen to little stories which I so much delighted to relate to them.

Especially did the boy take delight in hearing Indian stories. Among others I related one that filled him with sadness. It was that of the burning of Crawford in Wyandotte County. He asked me, "where is Wyandotte County?" I told him that it was near Tiffin. He expressed a childlike curiosity to see the historic place.

Therefore, in August, 1869, we decided to visit my father's family and to "camp out" upon the tragic spot, on our way to Tiffin. Traveling in

our family carriage with a good supply of blankets and provisions, we arrived near the place on the evening of our second day's journey.

Well, we camped out, but with more romance than reason. Hitching Dolly to the branch of a tree, we drew our blankets around us and put up for the night—in the woods. Although sleeping—or trying to sleep—beneath the broad and beautiful canopy of heaven, we soon got tired of the poor accommodations of our capacious bed chamber. Shortly after midnight, we arose, hitched Dolly to the carriage, continued our journey and found mother awaiting us for breakfast—at home.

It was while we lived in Northampton that I began to write articles for the public press. Although I had written considerable as assistant editor of the "Western Missionary" while in Dayton, it was while in that little village of Northampton that I began to take peculiar pleasure in the discussion of questions then receiving the attention of our church leaders, East and West. The great liturgical controversy was then absorbing the minds of all live churchmen. I was led to fall in with the rear of the van.

My articles attracted the attention of some of the more advanced and scholarly men, and brought from some of them letters of encouragement. Among those correspondents were Rev. A. H. Kramer, Rev. Dr. Henry Harbaugh and Rev. Dr. Emanuel V. Gerhart.

Dr. Gerhart wrote: "I congratulate you upon your advocacy of vital principles so consistently

held and so logically developed." I had a letter yet unanswered, on his study table when Dr. Harbaugh was passing through the pearly portal with that memorable expression from his pallid lips. "No wonder that some of the apostolic fathers saw the blood of the atonement upon the leaves of the trees". Some time after the Doctor's triumphant departure, Mrs. Harbaugh wrote to me informing me of some of his death-bed scenes and sayings.

In the summer of 1869 I had an interesting experience as a harvest hand. After the close of the Civil War, the wheels of industry were started with increased energy in the manufacturing centers of the country. Laboring men from the rural districts began to go to the cities for employment. As a result of such exodus from the country, farm hands were very scarce, and hard to find. The wheat was ripe in the fields, with few to thrust in the sickle; and some of my good neighbors around Northampton were greatly in need of help.

Among those needy farmers was one Adam Domer. Now Adam, in his distress came to my study and poured his lamentations into my attentive ear. Adam was not a church member, yet, nevertheless, was regarded as a good citizen, although he would make use of very emphatic words. He belonged to that large class of men who confess that preachers are a very present help in time of trouble. It was also generally believed that Adam would celebrate the Fourth of July every time he went to the county seat on a cold day. Furthermore, he had learned that I was

raised on a farm, and from that major premise in the syllogism he reasoned quite logically to the conclusion that I could drive a span of horses. He therefore came to ask me whether I would not be so kind as to drive a team harnessed to his harvester.

Remembering that the Apostle had said that we should "do good unto all men", and yet fearing that there might be something in the harvest field stronger than "near beer", I told him that I would come and drive the team attached to the reaper upon one condition, viz: that I was to do all the swearing and drink all the whiskey necessary to the reaping of the harvest. He blushed and replied:—alright, preacher, I will agree to your terms.

Next morning I was in the harvest field a little after the rising of the sun. I soon saw Adam coming into the field with the reaper, and four of his neighbors to assist him in doing the binding. There were four horses hitched to the reaper—two more than I had expected. I drew on a pair of canvas gloves and stepped into the seat. He handed me the lines and a whip with a linen cracker at the end of the lash, and told me to drive around the ten acre field and turn the corners without stopping the rattle of the machine.

In making the first round observing carefully the working of the machine, and making myself acquainted with the horses—especially the two in the lead, we soon understood each other, and the

five men had something to do to bind the golden grain into sheaves.

At noon we took an hour off for dinner. There was a little departure from the family habit at the table. Adam called on his teamster to ask the blessing upon that excellent dinner, at which no liquid nourishments were served stronger than buttermilk. Dinner over and a little rest in the shade, we went back to the field; and when the supper bell rang, at five o'clock, that field of wheat was all in sheaves and ready to be shocked.

Adam was so well pleased that at the supper table he attempted to pull off a little pleasantry at my expense. Addressing his wife, he said:—Mrs. Domer, the minister said that he would do all the swearing and drink all the whiskey and I have not heard nor seen him do anything of the kind. Replying, I said, Mrs. Domer, I have as yet seen no need of such helps. When swearing and drinking become an absolute necessity, my good friend, your husband, will hear from me. That little pleasantry gave assistance to our digestion of the good supper.

As was the general custom, after supper we went back into the harvest field and began to "shock up". As Adam and I were shocking together, he shocked me by telling me that was the first day for twenty years in which he had not used profane language. I urged him to continue in that course, and he replied that **swearing was all foolishness.**

On the next day we cut and shocked another large field of grain; and on the next Sunday Adam

was at church for the first time in years. I think that on that day I preached a little better than usual because of the experience that I had had during the week and on account of his presence in the audience. I do hope that while I was helping him to harvest one crop I was sowing seed that brought to him and his family a better harvest in the life eternal.

Shortly after that harvest, I had in that same neighborhood, another and more admonitory experience. I was in the habit of mingling freely with the people of the community. It was my custom to meet them on all proper occasions presenting themselves—not only in church but during the week in the community as well.

Such an opportunity presented itself at the residence of a Mr. France, a Dunker friend of mine living two miles north of the village. The occasion was a public sale of live stock and farming utensils. I went out. There was a large crowd present. A long stand or table was spread in an adjacent grove, laden with refreshments—and some more refreshments in a more liquid form, of which I was ignorant. Mr. Edward L., a member of my Bible class at the Jerusalem Church approached and addressed me as “Brother Swander”, and asked me whether I would not take a glass of lemonade with him at the aforesaid stand. Being of a social and obliging disposition, I went with him and partook of the cooling beverage—and Lo! while I was drinking the lemonade, he was being served to something stronger than Bryan’s grape juice at a

sideboard, behind the screen. Soon after that as it was known to few, Edward took some more of **his** kind, and repeated the doses until he was drunk. The scandal spread through the crowd that the minister had been drinking with Edward—and that Edward was on a Bacchanalian tare. Soon a red headed woman in the crowd took special pains to circulate the terribly true report that we had been seen drinking together. This she did because I did not belong to **her** “persuasion”. A true friend came and told me of the report in circulation. Finding myself up against a very unpleasant proposition, I immediately hunted up my Elders who were on the ground, and gave them the facts with my great regrets over the occurrence. They, like good brothers, consoled me and informed me that they would take care of the case for me. I felt much better and admonished myself to be more careful of the company that I associated with. It reminded me of the sermon which I had preached at the Salt Creek school house in Hocking County when I so earnestly and consistently informed the young people that **“He who lieth down with dogs getteth up with fleas”**.

Another occurrence in the Northampton charge may not be entirely unworthy of mention in this connection. It was on a Sunday afternoon in dog-days. While I was preaching the sermon, a man who seemed to have all confidence in me, and firmly believed that I did not require watching, stretched himself out in a pew to the full length of his anatomy and went to sleep with a snoring accompani-

ment. It annoyed the minister a little and amused the audience very much. I scarcely knew just what to do under such strains of music. I pitied the poor man. The weather was warm, the atmosphere sultry, and there was nothing in my style of speaking sufficiently interesting to keep him awake. I endured the interruption as long as I could, and then sat down in the pulpit and awaited developments. They came in the form of a climax of the snoring which awakened the man from his slumbers. This I followed with one of my impromptu effusions:

Arise, Oh, man, arise,
Behold the rising sun
Now traveling through the skies
His daily race to run!

The man was cured of his drowsiness. He sat up, and, without any further annoyance, the services were continued to their proper conclusion.

The weakest congregation then in the charge was Noblesville. In vulgar parlance it was called Bullskin—probably because of its reputation for toughness. And yet the Lord had more than one Antipas in that Pergamos—that Satan's seat of Clarke County. The congregation was very kind to me. Besides other numerous gifts, they made me a present of a new sleigh in 1868. Since then there has been a great revival of religious life in the village. The church there now is the strongest in the charge. It is now a **Nobleville**.

Thus did I commence, continue and conclude my pastorate in the Union charge. Varied indeed,

were the experiences of those years to which I now look back with melancholy emotions of pleasure. Like the rest of my life they were filled with appointments and disappointments. Very few of the good people there then are now living. Time hath wrought its changes and eternity has harvested its crops. May I not hope that some of the wheat which the angels have gathered into the garner of glory has been harvested from seed which I cast upon the waters a half century ago.

CHAPTER IX.

Called to Pennsylvania.

IN February, 1870, I received a call to the pastorate of the Reformed Church in Latrobe, Pa. After due consideration, I resigned as pastor of the Union Charge, and accepted the call to the East. I, however, took time to properly close my work at Northampton. Our goods were boxed and shipped accordingly. With my family I visited my old home near Tiffin, spent a few days with my aged parents, received their repeated benediction, and, in April, continued the journey to our future field of labor.

We arrived in Latrobe on the first of May, 1870. Elder Saxman met us upon our arrival at the station. Placing my family in his care, he took them to his palatial residence on the banks of the Loyalhanna. Upon his considerate suggestion I went immediately to the Reformed Church where the Westmoreland County Sunday School Association was then in session. Upon my arrival at the door of the church, I was recognized as the pastor elect and conducted by the janitor down the aisle and introduced to the presiding officer. The President then introduced me to the large

assembly which immediately arose to its feet, and received me with a most cordial greeting.

Of course, I had to make a little speech. Congratulating myself upon my safe arrival among such a throng of enthusiastic church-workers, I assured them that it was my desire and purpose, under the blessing of God, to co-operate with them in their commendable efforts to make hearts holy, homes happy and heaven sure.

With a Miss Williard, a teacher in the Latrobe High Schools, presiding at the organ, the audience responded most graciously by singing:

"I will sing you a song of that beautiful land
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand
And the years of eternity roll.

Oh the home of the soul, in my vision, its scenes
Of bright jasper walls I can see;
'Till I fancy in faith that no veil intervenes
Between that fair city and me."

After renting a house and settling down with limited comfort in Latrobe, I began my task, for a decade of years, amidst the smoke of coke-ovens, and in the light of heaven reflected from the distant caps and spurs of the Allegheny Mountains.

First of all I began to take a general survey of the field which I had entered to labor for the Lord. I studied the constitution of society, sought to analyze it into its distinct ingredients, and made an inventory of its more valuable and promissory elements.

I had not been long in the field before I found that the prevailing type of religion in the East was somewhat different from that in the West. With no less zeal in matters of so-called church work, there was more commendable zeal to seek and find a correct knowledge of the **objective** power of God unto salvation. Among the members of the church there was no less account made of **genuine** revivals in religion; yet more stress was laid upon the proper use of the ordinary means of grace than upon the extraordinary efforts to magnetize an audience or community into a happy, heavenly state. Among the ministers there was a uniform desire to emphasize the historic facts of our holy religion as they are revealed in the person, passion and teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Amidst such surroundings, somewhat different from what I had been used to in the West, I was unconsciously or subconsciously carried through a transitional period in my ministerial life and experiences. Before I really knew it I discovered that I was beginning to lay more stress upon what God has done for men than upon the equally essential duties of man toward God, himself and his fellow men. I became no less psychological, yet more Christological. I threw aside my sermonic manuscripts and taught myself to think while standing upon my feet before an audience. I sought to become no less logical in my reasoning with the people of "righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come", yet found myself more convincing in my pulpit efforts by becoming more truly

chronological and Christological in bringing out the fundamental facts of Christianity in the order of the Church Calendar.

I spent no less time in study and closet preparation for the pulpit, but laid more stress upon the importance of having a view of the heavenly vision for myself as I proclaimed the glorious gospel to others. Finding myself with small beginnings of such equipment, I made less account of studied rhetoric, pigeon-wing gesticulations and spread eagle oratory. And what is abstract Christless oratory anyway but a doubly distilled extract of a prolific imagination?

In Latrobe, as everywhere during my whole life, I aimed to be held in good repute among them that are without; and I have generally found this to be a very difficult and hazardous undertaking. *Vox populi vox Dei* is a popular lie. It is true in heaven, but not upon this poor planet. What is popularity but a bubble floating on the surface of inflated soft soap-suds, often blown up by the breath of thoughtless, heartless, Christless sentiment. Many of the best men of the world have lived under persecution, and died amidst sarcastic reflections. The prophets of old had little honor in their own country. "Marvel not, brethren, if the world hate you." John the Baptist was beheaded by the decree sent out from Herod's popular dancing hall. John Huss was burned at the stake by the popular religion of his day. Paul was often in perils among false brethren. Jesus Christ was popularly considered a "root out of dry ground".

"If **any** man will live godly in Christ Jesus he must suffer persecution",—instead of enjoying popularity.

The great thing that a good and level headed man has to do is a little thinking upon his own individual responsibility, and at the same time not antagonize the virtuous and measurably valuable sentiment found in all religious communions and communities. This may be in the methods of promoting civic righteousness, and in the advocacy of temperance in a way not strictly in accordance with the more radical and comprehensive principles of our holy religion which aims to make man **every whit** whole.

My position may be illustrated by the narrative of an incident in Latrobe: A temperance lecture was delivered in the Presbyterian Church before a large audience. I was there as a matter of course. Following the lecture, the good pastor started temperance pledges down the aisle to be circulated for the signatures of those who had not sworn off since the last New Year. I modestly allowed the paper to pass me without signing it. Respect for my past religious views prevented me from doing the **popular** thing. The good ministerial brother standing in front of the pulpit observed that I did not sign the pledge in **his** way of doing or undoing things, proclaiming the fact to the whole audience, and there and then publicly asked me to explain my omission of duty.

Under that public challenge, I arose, marched down the aisle and took my position in front of

the audience to give an account of my stewardship. Amidst a hush of inquisitive silence I addressed the audience as follows:

"My Christian Friends: Permit me to thank my good ministerial brother, and to congratulate myself upon the privilege that I now have to give 'a reason for the hope that is within me.' I did not sign that paper-pledge for the very sufficient reason that to have done so I would have belittled and belied the more solemn and binding vows which I had already taken upon myself. I think, as I believe, that I am under the more binding sanctity and power of my baptismal vows, my confirmation vows and my ordination vows to live soberly and temperately in this present evil world. These vows were made at the altar of the most high God, who responded that His grace would be sufficient for me and who then and there signed and sealed to me that grace by which alone I am made constantly able to add to my faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness and charity. And I believe, with the apostle Peter, that 'if ye do these things ye shall never fall.' Holding these views, for me to sign a mere paper pledge would be to deny the fact that God alone is my allsufficiency, and that I am to be saved by **grace**, through faith, and that not of myself lest any man should boast."

The thinking part, the Christian part and the charitable part of the audience gave manifest tokens that they were with me in the views which I so consistently held and modestly advocated. The popular preacher thought that it was about time to dismiss the audience.

The Latrobe charge was composed of four congregations, covering a large portion of Westmoreland County. One congregation was in Ligonier Valley across Chestnut Ridge, a spur of the

Allegheny Chain. That point I usually reached on horseback. It was always quite a laborious trip, and sometimes very cold in the winter. At times I would be so thoroughly chilled on my arrival at Youngstown, I could scarcely help myself out of the saddle. How the good deacons would anticipate my coming and my congealment. They would help me into the church, and after sitting a little while at the stove, I would go into the pulpit and warm up to the occasion.

Much of my time was spent imparting instruction to the young, gathered into catechetical classes, visiting the sick, conducting funeral services, and rejoicing with those who rejoiced at the wedding feasts. I did much thinking in the saddle. Hard work? Yes; but there was much educational compensation and religious luxury in that manner of life. It was also conducive to health. I scarcely knew what it was to be sick. Sometimes after being out nearly all day in wintry blasts, I would stop over night with one of my good families where they put me to bed between two featherticks. Thus I thawed out most thoroughly before morning.

In Westmoreland County I had my first experience as spiritual counsel of a man in the shadows of the gallows. One evening as I was about to call my family together for domestic vespers, I was called upon by Sheriff Guffey of Greensburg to visit a young man who was to be executed the next day for murdering an old shoemaker. I went on the first train over the Pennsylvania R. R.

to the county seat. The Sheriff conducted me to Samuel's cell where he introduced us to each other. The cell was furnished with a couch, two stools and a tallow-dip.

After the officer of the law had locked that iron door behind him, the minister of the gospel had nothing to do but to assist that poor culprit in a last effort to open the door of mercy into that Paradise which had been promised to the penitent thief upon the cross. When I had seated myself for the night on one of the stools, the conversation was opened up by Samuel himself as he offered me a cigar. I thanked him in such a way as not to give offence, told him that I did not smoke, told him that smoking was however not offensive to me and that he should enjoy the luxury of the cigar which he had so generously offered me.

I scored my first important point by getting gradually into his confidence. I then began the work of that dark night. Its experiences I never can forget. Of his guilt there was no doubt. Indeed he confessed that he had committed the crime charged against him in the indictment. My duty therefore was clear and plain before my face. I exhorted him to sincere repentance and pointed him to that merciful Saviour who had promised salvation to the dying malefactor amid the tragic scene of Golgotha. He seemed to heed my advice, and listened attentively when I prayed. Sometime toward morning, at my suggestion, he rapped at the door of his gloomy cell for the deputy sheriff.

I bid him goodnight, promising to call in the morning and write his will.

The next morning I returned to take up my duty for the day. Two other ministers were admitted into the cell to witness Samuel's last will and testament. They were Rev. John W. Love of the Reformed Church and Rev. Mr. Morehead of the Presbyterian denomination. I sat on the couch beside the testator, and the other clergymen occupied the two stools. Rev. Mr. Love held the tallow-dip while I performed the duties of a clerical scribe. Samuel there and thus bequeathed his property to his friends giving his best girl \$100 upon the condition that she be seen present at his sad death and solemn requiem. His property consisted of a box of sundries alleged to be buried near a certain apple tree in a certain orchard not far from the mouth of a certain coal mine. After the will was duly written, signed and sealed and witnessed the sheriff came in to read the death warrant. I stood by Samuel with admonitions and encouraging words until the goaler touched the trigger to the fatal spring and the poor boy dropped through the trap door into eternity.

Returning home in the evening after my twenty-four hours of unusual experience, and reporting in part of the duties performed at Greensburg, my dear wife asked me whether she should not leave the lamp burning in my bed room during the night. I told her that I was not afraid of ghosts, that Samuel had done me no harm while

in the body, and that he would not molest me when out of the body.

Although I was not popular with the sentimentalists of the church and superficialists of the community, I was never found wanting for friends among the needy, the poor and the thoughtful—those who were disposed to take themselves to their intellectual diving-bells and make a plunge into the ocean of God's great revelation to man, and search after those rare gems of truth which are never found floating upon the surface.

I was properly proud of my standing among my neighbors. On two occasions I was chosen as assignee by business men in danger of becoming insolvent. In both cases I settled their affairs under the approval of the court, and in a manner satisfactory to all parties interested.

In the church, sharing the confidence of my brethren, I was sent to Philadelphia by Pittsburg Synod as a member of a committee to meet a similar committee from the Reformed Church in America to negotiate a basis of union between the two ecclesiastical bodies.

I was once elected president of the Pittsburg Synod at Titusville, Pa. As president of Westmoreland Classis I presided at the laying of the corner stone of Greensburg Female Seminary, in which our daughter took the full course of three years, and from which she graduated in 1878.

On the fourth of July, 1876, it was my great privilege to attend the Centennial Exposition given at Philadelphia in grateful memory of the birthday

of American Independence. I visited Independence Hall; heard the old bell repeat the tones which one hundred years before had sounded out in proclamation of liberty through all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof; heard Bayard Taylor recite his great national poem prepared for that occasion; entered the great Exposition Hall and made patriotic obeisance to the grandeur of its displays; observed the awe-inspiring revolutions of the great Corliss engine in Machinery Hall, and watched with patriotic pride the different representatives from nearly all the nations of the earth as they did homage to the superlative majesty of the American people.

The last two years of our sojourn in Latrobe were spent in the shadow of great anxiety and sorrow. During the years 1878-79 my father and mother died. In September, 1878, I was called in great haste to my old home by the last sickness of my mother. I arrived in time to speak some words of comfort to the mother who had done so much for me.

My memory clings to that sad day,
When, passing from this world away,
She asked her weeping son to pray.

James 5:15.

And as I knelt and sobbed a prayer
She said to me, without a tear:
"Pray louder, John, I cannot hear."

Eccle. 12:6.

Earth's babel noise she could "not hear,"
Since Heaven's approach had tuned her ear
For minstrelsies more sweet and clear.

Rev. 14:2.

Then calmly closed her tearless eyes
 And e're the morning sun could rise,
 My mother stepped into the skies.

John 14:3.

The sun arose, yet dark that day;
 And all my orphaned soul could say
 Was **Requiescat in pace.**

Rev. 14:13.

She's now before the crystal sea,
 At home for all eternity
 With those who've "got the victory."

Rev. 4:6.

Awaiting that **full** victory,
 She poised not in **her** certainty,
 But in her **Lord's** fidelity.

II Tim. 2:13.

Four months after mother's death, I was again called to be present at the bedside of my sick father. I hastened home, but arrived a few minutes too late to receive his dying benediction. I remained with my sisters until after the funeral, and long enough thereafter to get his business affairs in shape under the provisions of a will which he had made, nominating me as his executor. I then returned to my home in Latrobe to learn that our daughter gave evidence that she was not long to remain with us as one of the lights in our family.

In the following September Mrs. Swander took daughter with her on a trip to Dayton, Ohio, in the hope that a change of surroundings might prove beneficial to her health. But our Heavenly Father had ordered otherwise. She passed away in sweet submission to the will of God. On hearing

the sad news, I hastened from Latrobe to Tiffin. A few hours after my arrival, Mrs. Swander arrived from Dayton with daughter's remains. After the funeral services at the home of my sister, her body was committed to the grave in Greenlawn Cemetery to await a family reunion yet to take place. Our son was then a student in Heidelberg College, and was present at the solemn obsequies.

After a few days I returned to Latrobe and resumed my work in unspeakable sorrow. Mrs. Swander remained in Ohio with my sister on the old farm. Nevin Ambrose continued in college, and the daughter was among the saints in glory. We were a bereaved family, yet not really divided. We all continued to believe that saints above and saints on earth in one communion share.

Spending my time visiting my good people, I gradually prepared them for a change of pastors. In February, 1880, I resigned the charge, boxed and shipped our goods to Tiffin and turned my face toward the setting sun. Bought a good home in Tiffin, near Heidelberg College, gathered the remnants of my family together and began to find myself more fully reconciled to the changes brought about in the orderings of a mysterious Providence. Spent the year 1880 preaching at various points in surrounding villages and in settling up my father's estate. Spent much time in company with my bereaved companion, and in directing the affairs of our son's education.

In 1881 General Synod convened in Tiffin. Dr. Thomas G. Apple and Dr. E. E. Higbee were

our guests. What great comfort we experienced in hearing these two great men speak of the future, and of the Christian's hope as an anchor to the soul of the true believer. My dear companion was greatly encouraged in the hearing of their conversation. Those good men have both gone to join the General Assembly.

Shortly after the adjournment of General Synod, President Garfield was assassinated. Grief like a shadow, spread over the country. Crepe was hung upon almost every door. The people were called together in public assemblies to deplore the terrible crime and to pray for the President and his afflicted family. I had, with others, the melancholy pleasure to deliver several public addresses upon some feature of the affliction which had been sent upon the country. How remarkable the fact that when we help to bear the sorrow of others we alleviate our own somewhat similar grief. The assassin was tried and paid the penalty of his crime. I distinctly remember reading the headlines of a city paper issued the next morning after his execution:

"Gittau, Gittau, thy name shall be
A synonym of infamy."

CHAPTER X.

Called to Fremont, Ohio.

IN the fall of 1881 I received a call to the Reformed Church at Fremont. I visited the people, spent one Sunday with the congregation and preached in the morning to an audience of thirty-four attentive worshippers. They promised me \$300 a year and the use of the parsonage. After duly considering the call I agreed to supply them. Such supply service I rendered them until in the spring of 1883 I moved among them and settled in the parsonage. The good people sent up two farm wagons and flitted us down the Sandusky valley to our new home.

During the time of our supply service, and in the expectation of leaving Tiffin for Fremont, we sent our son from Heidelberg to Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., where we had him repeat the Sophomore year. We directed this course for the reason that we did not wish him to study so hard as to endanger his health. For already then were we anxious over the question as to whether there was not in the constitution of our son, as had been the case of his sister, a pulmonary possibility inherited from his grandmother,

awaiting favorable conditions for its development. As we had reluctantly feared with a forecast of his future, he was able to remain at Lancaster only two years; and at the close of his junior year I brought him home from college to return no more. Like his dear sister before him, he lingered under the slow ravages of tuberculosis until March, 1884, when he followed her to the better world.

The daughter fair first passed away,
Through clouds of grief and slow decay
To wait the restitution day.

Next passed the son—a father's pride,
On whom a father's hopes relied—
In hope we laid them side by side.

The Fremont congregation was small. My first salutation to them was in the language of our Lord: fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. I told them that there was no sin in being small unless the smallness was self imposed—that it was their duty and privilege not to belittle themselves by a poor and improper use of the one talent which the Master had given them to cultivate.

Success in building up a large congregation numerically is not necessarily the true measure of genuine fidelity to God. As I began to feel the pulse of Fremont society and note the spasmodic congestions by the indicative throbbings of its heart I became more and more fully satisfied that the above statement was correct. In fact what many large sections of the church need is such a revival in many large and popular congregations

as would turn out one half the members and resuscitate the other half.

I began my pastoral work proper by visiting the families, instructing the young as I could gather into catechetical classes, superintending the Sunday School with studied discernment and in preaching the gospel in a plain and forceful manner.

In due time the fruit of my labor began to manifest itself. There was a gradual growth intensively and extensively. At the close of my decade of years in Fremont, I had the satisfaction of noting that the seed sown did not all fall by the wayside. Some of it fell into good soil, and the harvest showed an increase a hundred fold, and yet that was not a conclusive evidence that I had in all things been entirely faithful as a minister of Christ and a steward of the mysteries of God. Congregations numerically large are sometimes made by that carnal ambition by which the angels fell, and out of that kind of material which will not endure the thermal test "**which is to try every man's work of what sort it is.**"

It was in Fremont that I first became thoroughly disgusted with the growing tendency toward a closer union between the church and the world. This tendency became the more dangerous in the proposition that it was mistaken for Christian charity on the part of the church. In October, 1887 I was waited on by a committee and asked to open the horse-race at the County Fair ground with prayer. As an inducement for me to comply

with the request, the chairman of the committee assured me that I had many friends among the sporting fraternity, and that that would be a favorable opportunity for me to make many more. Of course I declined.

A fair analysis of many modern county fairs would disclose the fact that it is largely a gambling institution. To be sure, there are some farming utensils, high bred swine, pumpkins, sheep, and turnips placed upon exhibition to seduce the innocent rustic and attract them to attend the show, and quite frequently a little semi-religious interlude to seduce the superficial and easy church member, but it is the sporting element of society that dominates the affair and gives the exhibition its real character.

To deceive the unsuspecting, that which was once called a horse-race is now called **the trial of speed**—a trial of speed in horses but a greater trial of character on the part of those church members who have not really and fully renounced the world the flesh and the devil to “follow the Lamb whithersoever he leadeth”.

This invitation given me to become chaplain just before the horses were to be started put me to thinking as never before. What could I do to check the rising tide of religious carnality, or carnal religiousness? The fault was largely in the church. I had spoken against this drift from the pulpit and through the press. What more could I do? I resolved to try a new method of combatting the evil. That which cannot be reasoned out

of error or preached out of popular poison, should be laughed out of countenance. I therefore decided to resort to **burlesque**. Hence I indicted a letter and published it in the "**The Scientific Arena**" a magazine published from 23 Park Row, New York City, by Dr. Hudson, for which periodical I had been a contributor for several years. The letter was addressed to John L. Sullivan. It is not strange that the "big fellow" never answered me. He was doubtless ashamed to be found in the questionable society into which he was so cordially invited. The letter speaks for itself:

Fremont, O., Jan. 22, 1885.

Mr. John L. Sullivan, Boston, Mass.:

The Holy Carnival Society of the ———— Congregation in this place assembled last evening in regular session, and after the proceedings had been opened with that beautiful and inappropriate hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," I was instructed, by a unanimous vote of the said society, to open a correspondence with you, in the hope of enlisting your sympathies and securing your co-operation in a grand religious carousal, to be given at such time in the near future most convenient to yourself. As you are having other engagements of a somewhat similar character, we have decided to allow you to name the time most in accordance with your wishes, provided, however, that the proposed set-to is to take place within 500 miles of Fremont, Ohio. It is the determination of the managers to make the forthcoming festival surpass anything ever offered to the public since the early martyrs were thrown to the lions. To make the occasion a complete success, it is proposed to render a programme which will include three general parts, viz: gratification, sanctification, and stultification. Considered more in detail, the entertainment will be found to consist of music, ice cream, unfer-

mented wine (strictly a temperance drink), oysters, prayer, amusement, strawberries, spiritual songs, a few specimens of holy flirtation between the vestibule and the altar, and promenades on the porch, called Solomon's greatly wondering. The whole interesting affair is to be brought to a most thrilling degree of perfection, about the hour of midnight, with one of those inimitable exhibitions (without gloves) at sparring, which have made you the champion of America and the ring-master of the world. In making up the sparring match, you will please select some other bright star from the increasing number now nightly seen in your pugilistic galaxy. It is also the wish of the society that in scoring for points you both be exceedingly careful not to display any cruelty to animals for fear of scandalizing the sacred things with which the exhibition is to stand intimately connected. There are some members in our congregation who need the convenient grace of educational habit before they are willing to follow every sort of amusement to its last excess of revelry and riot. Our object is to proceed gradually until we bring religion down to a level with the world, that no one may have an excuse for remaining irreligious. We also hope to make the event an occasion of tariff for revenue—not for revenue only, but for amusement as well. In fact, we believe in free trade with all foreign powers and treaties of reciprocity with the people whose commodities are produced in the warmer latitudes. If we shut our ports against the world with its cargoes of carnal commerce, the church will be obliged to rely largely upon home productions and such legitimate resources as belong to her as a distinct order of organized being in the world. In that event consistent Christians would lose their popularity and be ruled out of the circles of the elite of society. Such a course would be ruinous to all the expectations of the flesh. The pride and ambition of men would protest against such a religion. Times have changed. We must now make Zion keep pace with the music of Egypt, Babylon, and the Roller Rink. To do this money is a

necessity. By the way, Mr. Sullivan, we have noticed that in a recent speech of yours at Philadelphia, June 16, you proposed to match your single self with Ryan, Mitchell, and McCaffrey for \$10,000 each, and give the money to some charitable institution. If you cannot be with us in our proposed grand entertainment, we hope that in the beneficent distribution of the aforesaid \$30,000 you will remember us. We are poor, but exceedingly pious. On account of a little misunderstanding, our congregation is just now in quite straightened circumstances. Our case is somewhat peculiar, and yet not peculiarly so. The main pillars of our church are not members thereof. They had frequently accompanied their devout wives to the sanctuary when the weather was favorable to a fine display of millinery. It so happened that recently in their presence our minister made some mild criticism upon prevailing haughtiness and pride among God's peculiar people; and incidentally mentioned righteousness, meekness, and self-denial as among the Christian graces, and necessary qualifications in all who walk the narrow path to eternal life. He did not intend to offend any one, for he is quite a gentleman indeed; and yet they have taken to themselves such a heavy dose of umbrage as to refuse any further aid to the support of the gospel. The salary is consequently in arrears. Something must be done. They have agreed that if your services can be secured upon the occasion proposed above, they will not only return to their pews, but will also assist in getting up an interest that shall revive the languid energies of our congregation. Will you not hear our Macedonian cry? By the magnetism of your personal and pugilistic presence we hope to realize sufficient funds to pay off the salary, get new furniture for the church kitchen and parlor, and have something left to send to the heathen. Don't you think that "we whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high," ought to interest ourselves, and pour out gushing sentiment in behalf of those ignorant pagans who make their wicked prayers in the vicinity of "Afric's sunny fountains?" Come

and help us rally to their rescue. If the lecture-room of the church should be too small to accommodate the large audience expected, arrangements will be made to secure the Roller Rink. There will be no trouble about getting the use of that large and commodious building, as the managers thereof are members of the church, in good and regular standing. No pains shall be spared to make the affair a most brilliant success. That none may doubt the religious character of the entire performance, the exercises will be opened with prayer and the singing of some suitable hymn accompanied with music on a horse-fiddle! Your early reply is looked for with emotions of pious anxiety and passionate anticipation.

Most affectionately yours,

—————, Secretary.

My relation to Society in Fremont brought me into conspicuous touch with the public on several varied occasions, although my popularity was not of that type so often tooted from the trumpets of thoughtless fools. I was rather in more full communion with the animated conservatives of the community, and the men who dared to act along the line of rational thought. After I had been a resident of Sandusky County long enough to vote a scratched ticket, I was appointed by Judge Dickenson as a member of the County Board of School Examiners. This position I held for seven years, during which time I was brought into a very pleasant relation with all the teachers in the county.

My duties brought to me some very interesting experiences. The applicants for certificates to teach country schools were among the best young men and women in the county—graduates of High

Schools and educators of self. Answers to the questions submitted to test their pedagogic qualifications were generally satisfactory, and frequently amusing. I would sometimes submit questions to ascertain the extent of their knowledge of the meaning of terms, of history, and of current events. Upon one occasion, after hearing the applicants read, I asked a young lady graduate of the Clyde High School to define "cogitation". The answer soon came back: "Cogitation, Cogitation is the act of being cogitated". I found myself completely floored. I had never experienced anything of the kind. Following such cogitatus exercises of the human mind, I asked a young lady to name the various religions of the world. Her answer was: "Pagan, Jewish, Christian, Moham-medan and Presbyterian".

Another experience which I had in Fremont was somewhat similar to that given in Chapter IX of my visit to the jail in Greensburg, Pa. A Mr. John Radford of Bellevue, under the influence of alcoholic stimulation and in a heat of momentary passion had murdered his wife. He was arrested, tried and found guilty before the law of the commonwealth and sentenced to be executed in October, 1883. A few days before the close of his life I was engaged to visit the poor man to act as his spiritual adviser. I spent several days with him in his gloomy cell. The sad and most shameful thing connected with that incident was a deed on the part of a false friend of John's who smuggled whiskey into his cell and got the man under

the influence thereof. It occurred in the evening before the fatal day, after I had bidden John good night, leaving him in a rather good frame of mind, considering the circumstances surrounding him and the terrible tragedy before him. The shameful deed was performed by a citizen of Fremont, from whom the public expected better things. On the morning of the dark day as I re-entered his cell I saw at a glance that an enemy had been sowing tares where I had sown seed which I had hoped would spring up for the eternal benefit of Mr. Radford. I began immediately to try to quiet him and to prepare him for the approaching end. At 12 M. I had him rational and calm. He confessed his sins with bitter repentance and professed his faith in the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. At noon he was sent into eternity by the operation of the law which he had transgressed. Some ten years after I was called to Fremont to conduct the funeral services of the man who had interefered with my work as jail chaplain.

1888 the soldiers' monument was unveiled in Birchard Park. I remember distinctly how Ex-President Hayes called to inform me that I had been chosen by the committee consisting of himself, General Buckland, and Hon. William Haynes, to officiate as chaplain upon the forthcoming occasion. In the morning of August 2nd, the anniversary of Croghan's victory over the British and Indians, the imposing monument was duly unveiled with appropriate services and significant ceremo-

nies. In the afternoon ten thousand people assembled on Court House Hill, in the City Park. General Hayes presided with his proverbial ability as a master of ceremonies. After appropriate martial music by all the bands of the county and surrounding vicinity, he introduced me as chaplain of the day. It is because my prayer upon that very public occasion was printed in a book issued by the committee giving a full report of the proceedings and addresses of that day that I am able, and feel myself justified in reprinting and placing it upon record in this connection. It is as follows:

We praise Thee, O God. All the pure intelligence of the universe doth acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. Thou hast made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth. We rejoice that Thou hast permitted us, the American people, to assume among them a separate and an equal station. While we confess our sins as the cause of all our elements of weakness we acknowledge Thy sovereign pleasure and goodness as the primary source of all the achievements of our past, the joys of our present, and the hopes of our future. For had it not been for the Lord, who was on our side, our enemies would have swallowed us up quickly when foreign powers and civil discord threatened our existence. Thou didst give us strength to overcome foreign oppression and to resist foreign encroachment. Thou didst smile upon our arms when the star of our Empire turned its course toward the land of Montezumas. When sectional jealousy and unhallowed ambition for the supremacy of political power arose in civil strife to disrupt our Union and dismember our sisterhood of States, Thou didst look from heaven, maintain the struggling cause of Republican government and demonstrate on earth that the principle of eternal right is the power of invincible might.

And when the cruel war was over—when the heroic deeds of the great had passed into history—when the patriotic souls of the good had gone to glory—Thou didst quicken the sentiments of gratitude in those who survived to enjoy the blessings of a country saved by blood. We rejoice that the people of Sandusky County had both the opportunity and disposition to bear some humble part with the nation's living in paying tribute to the nation's dead. Protected by Thy Providence may the monument this day unveiled stand as a reminder of American patriotism and valor until man's last enemy shall fall. Bless all our surviving soldiers and the widows and orphans of those who bore the battle and fell in the heat of the fearful conflict. May prosperity, peace and piety be their guardian angels on earth, may the sun-set of their lives be full of prophetic glory; and in the coming crowning victory may heaven be their exceeding great reward.

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of those who have departed hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful are in joy and felicity, we entreat Thee in behalf of the bereaved family of our most illustrious citizen. Look in compassion toward the summit of Mt. McGregor. May the bereaved and afflicted ones rest their sorrowful souls in the sweet assurance that death does not end all that there is of us and for us—that heaven is the land of all the really free, and the home of all the truly brave.

Help us to become more worthy of the peculiar blessings we now enjoy. May we as a people go forward and upward in the fulfillment of our honorable and responsible mission until all the monarchies and anarchies of the world shall bow with admiration and respect before the superlative majesty of the American Republic. Hasten the time when the universal reign of peace shall herald the dawn of that illustrious day when all Thine armies shall shine in robes of victory; and then, O God, in Christ, the glory shall be Thine. Amen.

CHAPTER XI.

Entangled at Heidelberg.

IN writing this chapter there is no pretention on the part of the author to give a **full** history of all that was **indirectly** connected with the leading facts herein narrated. Great pains, however, have been taken to confirm the correctness of my own memory in the matter, to authenticate the truth of the statements then made in the newspapers, to transcribe with painstaking care the official records then and subsequently in my custody as Secretary of the Board of Regents, to write this historic compend in a spirit of intelligent **fairness** toward all parties then involved in the tangle, by leaving out of the case, as far as possible, all prejudice and partiality while placing upon history's written page a trustworthy account of that memorable transition of Heidelberg from a college to a university.

In the spring of 1889 someone rang the bell at the front door of the parsonage. I responded to the summons and found a stranger at the door. It was a venerable looking gentleman of whom I had never heard, and whom I had never seen. I invited him into my study

and found myself in the presence of the Reverend John Kost, M. D., D. D., L. L. D.—a minister of the gospel in the Methodist Protestant Church. He had filled chairs in several medical colleges in Cincinnati and other cities; had written and published works of a high order on *Materia Medica*, the Practice of Medicine, Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence; had helped to found their denominational college at Adrian, Mich.; had presented that institution with a very valuable museum; was at that time engaged, during the winter seasons, with the State authorities in an attempt to complete and fully establish the Florida State University, and at the same time in making a thorough geological survey of the wonderful peninsular State under the directions of its Legislature.

Having read some of my papers in the *Microcosm*, an incisive magazine then published by A. Wilford Hall, and finding in the said articles some things in agreement with his own views of certain questions concerning the physical sciences, he stopped over at Fremont to see me, as he was then on his way to his summer residence in Adrian.

Mrs. Swander joined me in receiving the stranger and in entertaining him over Sunday. He preached from my pulpit on Sunday morning, and remained with me until Monday afternoon. During his visit he disclosed to me his desire to visit Heidelberg and make the acquaintance of the President of that institution. He furthermore told me that he had it in his heart to make me a pres-

ent of a collection of birds, mammals, reptiles, fishes, shells, coral formations and sponges as an expression of his appreciation of the value of certain articles which I had written for the **Microcosm**. I thanked him for his admiration of some thing which I had not yet discovered in myself, but told him that I would not know what to do with such a magnificent gift, and that if I should become the recipient thereof, I could not do otherwise than to turn the donation over to my beloved Heidelberg. To this he consented and continued on his way to Adrian.

A few days after that I met the Board of Trustees of Heidelberg College convened on the 19th of June. As a member of that Board I was found in my place during its session. Near the close of the session I arose and asked permission to offer the following paper for its consideration:

Whereas, The cabinet collections in Heidelberg College and Seminary are not yet as large and various as they should be in order to a full equipment of these institutions in educational appliances; and,

Whereas, We hear of a possibility that one or both of these institutions may soon receive, either severally or jointly, a donation of some specimens as an intimation of more liberal things to come in the form of a full Educational Museum for the advancement of true science in Heidelberg College;

Resolved, That Prof. A. S. Zerbe, Ph. D., Rev. D. Van Horne, D. D., and Prof. M. E. Kleckner be, and hereby are, appointed, authorized and requested to act as a committee to receive and put in proper place and position any acceptable collection or collections of geologic, botanic, mythologic, zoologic or other specimens that may be donated

during the next college year to either one or both of these institutions, and that they report their action, if any be taken, to the respective boards thereof.

The committee called for in the foregoing paper and authorized by its adoption attended to the duty assigned them and subsequently in their report stated that the donation which had been received was of a value estimated at \$5,000. Now the rest of the acts bearing upon this subject, are they not written in the chronicles of the Board, and in the book of Jasher, or the book of the wars of the Lord?

Several weeks after the adjournment of the Board the following appeared in the **Tiffin Tribune**, seemingly from the pen of one high in authority and rich with information—President of Heidelberg College.

DONATION OF A MUSEUM TO HEIDELBERG.

It affords us an unusual degree of pleasure to announce the donation to Heidelberg College and Theological Seminary of a fine Museum of Natural History. During the summer mysterious looking boxes, barrels and cases have at different times arrived in Tiffin and been transported to the college until one of the largest rooms of the new building has been almost filled. For some days the gentlemen having charge of the matter have been engaged, together with their assistants, in unpacking the goods and making a sort of inventory with the view of providing the necessary shelves, cases and tables. The work has progressed slowly on account of the immense mass of material to be examined, but it is now sufficiently far advanced to justify at least a preliminary statement of the extent and value of the collection. Among the

objects of interest are found a great variety of birds and mammals, reptiles, fishes, shells, corals, sponges, etc.

A more detailed examination yields the following result:

Fourteen cases containing ninety specimens of mounted birds, twenty-six specimens of mammals, including baboon, sacred Himalaya monkey and South American lion monkey, six of alligators, turtles, snakes, etc.

Twenty plaster casts of extinct and living animal forms.

Numerous mounted fishes from the Gulf of Mexico, including small specimens of man-eating shark, shovel-nosed shark, saw-fish, angel-fish and many others.

A fine and extensive collection of coral from the Gulf of Mexico.

An extensive collection of sponges from many parts of the world, among them some of the most beautiful forms.

Numerous sea and fresh-water shells, nearly all named. This represents specimens from nearly all regions of the world, there being also many rare and beautiful forms represented.

Crustaceans are represented by horse-shoe crabs and other characteristic forms of the Gulf.

Excellent specimens of sea-urchins and star-fishes.

A collection of beautiful sea-weeds, representing nearly all the species of the Gulf.

An extensive and very valuable herbarium, representing principally the ferns of both North and South. This part of the donation represents a great deal of painstaking labor, as well as expense.

Fossils are numerous and very fine. The most notable specimens are vertebræ of extinct whale, the smaller one a foot in diameter; the lower jaw, with the teeth in place, of a mastodon, together with some of the other bones; fossil shark's teeth and vertebræ; fossil fish from Germany; a rare and valuable collection of fossil ferns, mosses and grasses.

Representative ores and minerals, among them some exceptionally fine specimens of galena and of zinc ore.

It is needless to say that this gift is very highly prized and that the friends of the college greatly rejoice that Heidelberg has become the subject of this munificent benefaction. Having been collected primarily for educational and class-room purposes, it is distinctively an educational rather than a popular museum, and, as such, will contribute in a high degree to greater efficiency in the department of Natural History. Its money value can scarcely be estimated, but we are assured by experts in that line that it is entirely within the bounds of moderation to say that it or a similar collection could not be purchased at any time for a sum less than from four to five thousand dollars, and that probably it would cost considerably more. But unless we greatly err, its educational and scientific value for Heidelberg will far surpass any monetary value which may be placed upon it.

But whence came the donation? It is, in a sense, the joint gift of Rev. J. Kost, M. D., LL. D., Chancellor of the University of Florida, and of Rev. J. I. Swander, D. D., Fremont, Ohio, both of whom are equally interested in carrying out the laudable plan of establishing a first-class museum for Heidelberg, and of which the present donation, large as it is, is rather the beginning than the completion. The collection was originally the property of Dr. Kost (by whom its selection was personally superintended) who, as an intimate friend and admirer of Dr. Swander, turned the same over to him for such disposition as the latter might see fit to make of it. Dr. Swander has generously donated it to Heidelberg, to be held jointly by the College and Seminary. Both of these kind donors have earned the lasting gratitude of the faculty, alumni and friends of the College in thus contributing toward placing another of the departments of Heidelberg on a substantial basis. It may be stated here that it is the desire of Chancellor Kost that this collection be known as the "Swander Museum."

About the time of the appearance of the above given article in the **Tiffin Tribune** Dr. Kost and I by mutual agreement visited Dr. Williard and Doctor Van Horne at Heidelberg, and after promoting a favorable acquaintance between Dr. Kost and the respective heads of Heidelberg College and Heidelberg Theological Seminary, Dr. Kost returned with me to Fremont very favorably impressed with the educational institution located upon the banks of the Sandusky. Continuing, next morning, on his way home, he wrote me on the following day that he proposed to make a donation of his **entire Florida museum** and many other specimens which he had elsewhere to Heidelberg College upon the consideration that the institution be advanced to a university, and that a building be erected as a suitable home for the whole collection. Upon the reception of Dr. Kost's letter I immediately wrote to Dr. Williard as follows:

Fremont, O., Aug. 5, 1889.

Rev. G. W. Williard, D. D., LL. D., President of Heidelberg College:

Dear Bro.:—I write you with reference to a matter of which I only dreamed when I saw you in Tiffin. Possibly I am only dreaming now. Be that as it may, I write nevertheless. In conversation with Dr. Kost, after we left Tiffin, and while together over night at Fremont, as well as from impressions made upon my mind by certain intimations from him in our recent correspondence, I am now of the belief and under the conviction that the peculiar situation in which the Doctor is at present placed, is **big with possibilities for Heidelberg**. This conviction is of such a nature as to place me under a sense of respon-

sibility. I now propose to relieve my self of that responsibility in part by this general statement of the case to you, as the head of the institution which made such a favorable impression upon Dr. Kost during his visit to Tiffin. After mature reflection and exercise of the most considerate judgment of which I am possessed, I have concluded to take the risk of being regarded as visionary, rather than to expose myself to the possibility of being reproached for silence when I should have spoken. Few men know how to embrace an opportunity. They are the men who are most in danger of embracing a shadow, supposing it to be a genuine opportunity. I now request you to join with me in an attempt to embrace what seems to me a most golden opportunity to secure for Heidelberg a prize of great value. **I ask you to meet me at Clyde some morning this week, as soon as possible, for a conference.** If we should disagree, the disagreement will be mutual. If we should agree to make an attempt to secure a prize, and fail, the failure will cost us nothing. The case calls for **early** action. You are at liberty to bring Dr. Van Horne or any other representative man with you. I can get to Clyde by 8 o'clock a. m.—so can you—and we can both return home at noon. I await an immediate reply, by mail or telegraph.

Yours, with great respect and anxiety,

J. I. SWANDER.

Accordingly the conference was held with Prof. C. O. Knepper president at Dr. Williard's request. At that conference it was agreed that another conference should be called at Toledo, August 14th, and that Dr. Kost was to be invited to be present from Adrian.

The meeting was held at Toledo where Dr. Kost met with Dr. Williard, Prof. Knepper and myself. It was then and there agreed that there would be a meeting of the Executive Committee

of Heidelberg College called by Dr. Williard to meet at Tiffin on the 19th of August. At that meeting the following resolution was offered and adopted:

Resolved, That Rev. Dr. G. W. Williard, president of the college, visit Adrian, Michigan, for conference with Dr. Kost, and if the same is satisfactory, the president of the Board of Trustees of the College be requested to call a meeting of the board for the consideration and disposal of the proposition made by Rev. Dr. J. I. Swander.

The committee then suggested that Dr. I. H. Reiter, of Miamisburg, and myself should accompany Dr. Williard to Adrian.

In obedience to the above given instructions by the Executive Committee, Dr. Williard, president of the Conference Committee wrote to Dr. Kost that the committee would be pleased to meet him at his home in Adrian August 28th, to which Dr. Kost wrote to Dr. Williard as follows:

Adrian, Mich., Aug. 23, 1889.

President Williard:

Dear Friend: I am in receipt of your letter reporting the result of the meeting at Tiffin that occurred at the instance of Dr. Swander, in which you state that you are requested to visit me here at Adrian, and you have set next Wednesday as the day that you can be here. I shall be greatly pleased that you do so, and considering the clear and full expression of sentiment you give I think it is well that such a visit may take place, so that a satisfactory conclusion, one way or the other, may be had by the advantage of a personal interview now again. I desire that you have Dr. Swander come with you, since that he has now in trust my proposed additional gift. I can then know from him also as to what he would advise. At same time I regard Dr. Swander an unswerving friend to the

College, who undoubtedly will see to the best interests of the College first of all, and yet who is my true and much beloved friend. Therefore I think it is best everyway for him to be present. It will also make the best connection at Toledo whence you come directly on here if you make the early train at Clyde. In this way you will get here on same day at 11 a. m. By notifying Dr. Swander he can meet you on train at Fremont, and so you come on together. I will state that in the interview here you will not find me to contend for any proceeding that is unacceptable to the College and the church. If I can do no good, or good **only**, I would greatly prefer to hold off. I believe also that you and all concerned are honest in purpose and appreciative in feeling, so we can bring out a satisfactory result one way or the other.

Very fraternally,

J. KOST.

The conference thus provided for was duly held at the home of Dr. Kost in Adrian. On the 28th of August, the following article appeared in the **Tiffin Tribune and Tiffin Advertiser**:

**A BIG GIFT FOR HEIDELBERG COLLEGE—
CONDITIONALLY MADE.**

We are glad to announce to our fellow-citizens that we have a big gift offered Heidelberg College, upon certain conditions. Dr. Kost, Chancellor of the University of Florida, finds himself apparently providentially hindered in his educational work in the South by the recurrence of the yellow fever, and wishing to be free from such interruptions, is disposed to look favorably northward.

On a recent visit to Heidelberg College, to the museum of which he had made a very valuable contribution, he was much pleased with its magnificent building and prospects, and with the general outlook of the city. Knowing his feelings, several conferences were had in reference to the matter.

Last Wednesday Revs. Drs. Reiter, of Miamisburg, and Swander, of Fremont, accompanied us to Adrian, Mich., where Dr. Kost spends most of his time during the hot weather in his summer residence, where we had a final conference, and have since reported the result to the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees, which has called a special meeting for the 10th of September, to take into consideration the propriety of so altering our charter as to constitute the departments we now have into a university, with the addition of a polytechnic institute which the venerable doctor will be requested to take in charge and also be professor in the college of paleontology.

The gift which Dr. Kost offers Heidelberg College, independently of any favor in return, is his large and magnificent museum, now in Florida, upon the condition we organize a university, start a polytechnic institute, for which he has all the apparatus necessary to make a good beginning, and provide a building on the campus sufficient for it and the splendid museum he offers with only a few reservations.

Dr. Kost values his museum, which is one of the largest in the United States, at \$50,000. This is certainly a rare and grand offer to Heidelberg College and the city of Tiffin, and should by all means be accepted. Fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, while it seems a large sum, is not, in view of the benefit it will bring the college, the city of Tiffin and the county of Seneca. It would, indeed, be a grand thing if some one or several of our citizens were to step forward and guarantee the funds necessary for the building needed.

We have no doubt the Board of Trustees will adopt the recommendations of the Executive Committee and place the College in a position to receive the magnificent gift. The presence and service of Dr. Kost will be indispensable, so as to get everything in place and in proper working order. The board, we feel sure, will place him at the head of the polytechnic institute and appoint him as

professor of paleontology and will be willing to assume this additional expense, providing the city and county will erect the necessary building. The city of Tiffin, which has captured so many manufactories, of which it is justly proud, cannot afford to lose this which has so much to commend it.

If the proper guarantees are made that the conditions will be complied with, the museum will at once be shipped to Tiffin and be in readiness for its future home.

G. W. WILLIARD.

In pursuance of the foregoing proceedings a meeting of the Board of Trustees was called and convened at Heidelberg on the 10th of September. The members present were Drs. Williard, Reiter, Kefauver, Goss, Hibschan, Herbeck, Swander, Messrs. Brewer and Myers. The following action was taken:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Board that the time has come when it is judicious to organize a university out of Heidelberg College.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to take the necessary steps toward the organization of such university, and that the same be composed of Rev. Dr. Williard, Rev. Dr. Reiter and N. L. Brewer, Esq.

After the adoption of the foregoing, a polytechnic department was established and the professorship of Paleontology was created. Rev. John Kost, M. D., D. D., LL. D. was by ballot elected as president of the new department and made professor of paleontology.

In the following October a report of the transition movement was made to the Ohio Synod by Dr. Williard as follows:

"The Synod will also be pleased to learn that Rev. John Kost, LL. D., late chancellor of the University of Florida, but now president of the polytechnic institute soon to be established and professor of paleontology in our college, has donated, with only a few reservations, his large and valuable museum, estimated as worth from thirty to fifty thousand dollars, to Heidelberg College. This munificent gift was made upon the condition that the college be raised to a university, and a building be erected of sufficient dimensions to furnish a home for the museum. The Board of Trustees held a meeting on the 10th of September to consider the proposition, and after mature deliberation, concluded it would be unwise to refuse an offer which had so much promise of good in it, both for the college and church, and therefore gratefully accepted it, and took the preliminary steps necessary for the establishment of a university and the erection of a building such as would meet the necessities of the case. All this means more hard work and enlarged liberality if we would succeed in our undertaking. But, coming as it did without any solicitation on our part, it seemed as if the hand of God was in it, opening the way for greater prosperity and enlargement in our educational work. To falter under such circumstances and refuse to follow the leadings of Providence would have been unwise and criminal, and would have incurred the displeasure of God. The board therefore cherishes the hope that synod will approve its action and give it such support as will guarantee success in the premises."—[Minutes of Ohio Synod, Canton, O., Oct. 2-7, 1889, page 74.]

In response to the foregoing report by Dr. Williard the Synod expressed its gratitude in the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, Rev. John Kost, LL. D., late Chancellor of the University of Florida, through the friendship and influence of Dr. Swander, author of "The Reformed

Church," has shown a remarkable interest in our institution at Tiffin;

Resolved, That the thanks of synod be expressed to Dr. Swander for using his influence in behalf of Heidelberg, and to Rev. John Kost, LL. D., for his liberal gift to the institution.

Resolved, That this synod approve the action of the Board of Trustees in accepting the liberal offer of Dr. Kost to donate his entire museum to Heidelberg College, with a few exceptions, upon the condition that the college be raised to a university and erect a building of sufficient dimensions to mount and exhibit it and that it hereby pledges itself to aid in carrying out the conditions.

Resolved, That synod show its appreciation of the gift from Dr. John Kost, by urging a collection on College Day to be appropriated to the building for the Museum.—(Minutes of Ohio Synod, Canton, O., Oct. 2-7, 1889, page 74.)

In the course of several months and in consequence of the foregoing proceedings, a call was issued by the proper authorities and the Board was convened in special session at Heidelberg College on the 18th of March, 1890, and after attending to all other matters necessary to the full transfer of the college to a university, under the charter then being perfected at Columbus, the Board went into an election to choose a Chancellor. Dr. Kost was duly elected by a vote of seven to five—and the hazardous crisis in the history of the institution was reached. There was disappointment and dissatisfaction.

Next morning I returned to my home in Fremont, wishing with the weeping prophet that "my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears". In the afternoon of that dark day I re-

ceived a letter from Dr. Kost stating that "Everything is in a state of disruption". On the next day the citizens of Tiffin spoke right out in meeting and thrust the following action into the seething caldron of Heidelberg.

CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE MEETING.

The committee selected to solicit funds for the erection of a museum building at Heidelberg University met in regular session at 3 o'clock, March 20, 1890, at the office of Probate Judge Rcyer. Members present: C. J. Yingling, Judge J. F. Bunn, Rev. D. D. Bigger, Mrs. R. W. Shawhan and Florence Cronise. The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The committee selected by the citizens of Tiffin to solicit funds for the erection of a museum building for Heidelberg University learn, with regret, that in the selection of a chancellor for said university, the faithful, devoted, untiring and eminently successful services of the venerable President of the College, Rev. Dr. Williard, should have been ignored and one who though a worthy gentleman, is comparatively a stranger to the interests of the institution, should have been favored with the distinguished honor which could have been possible only through the efforts of Dr. Williard, and

Whereas, We regret that for many reasons, one of them being that the course taken by the Board of Trustees will seriously interfere with the efforts being put forth by this committee to secure funds for the museum building; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the committee believing that our further efforts to collect funds from the citizens of Tiffin would prove unavailing and our interests in the work for which we were appointed having ceased, hereby respectfully resign.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Dr. I. H. Reiter, President of said Board of Trustees,

and brought to the notice of the citizens who created this committee by publication in the papers of the city.

C. J. YINGLING, Chairman.

FLORENCE CRONISE, Secretary.

Tiffin, Ohio, March 20, 1890.

The Board was divided; the College was threatened with destruction; Tiffin was arrayed against itself; the Synod of Ohio was beginning to number the people of the two factions which had sprung up over night; Dr. Williard was disappointed; Dr. Kost was discouraged; the desiccated snakes which he had donated to Heidelberg had given the whole Sandusky valley the delirium tremens; I was disgusted without measure. All my hard work for one year to advance Heidelberg to a University had seemingly come to naught. Oh Heaven! When will Christian men and scholars learn the lesson that fell from the lips and was illustrated in the life of Him who washed His disciples' feet and announced it as one of the cardinal points in the compass of practical religion: "Who-soever of you will be the chiefest shall be servant of all".

As the Board reconvened the next morning it received and took action upon the following communication:

To the Board of Regents of Heidelberg University:

We hereby protest against the inauguration of Dr. Kost as Chancellor of the University for the following reasons:

First. For the reason that no election of Chancellor has been held since the legal organization of the Board of Regents, and no order has been made by the Board for

the inauguration and installation of Chancellor.

Second. For the reason that the office of Chancellor of the University should be filled by a member of the Reformed Church, of reputation among and having the confidence of the members of the church in the United States; and the incumbent of the office should be one sought by the church and he should hold the position free from any suspicion that it is held as a reward for some donation made to the institution or its endowment funds.

Third. For the further reason that such action will result in having withheld from the University, not only the moral but financial support of members of the Reformed church upon whom we are dependent for success. We respectfully ask that this our protest may be entered on the minutes of the board.

Respectfully,

B. KUHS,
IRVIN YOST,
W. E. SCHMERTZ,
A. H. BAUGHMAN.

To give an idea of the nature and extent of the change from college to university, the articles of incorporation and a certified copy of the same, as transmitted to the Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, accompanied by his seal in recognition of the regularity of the action taken by the Board of Regents, are here inserted.

AMENDMENT CHANGING NAME AND ENLARGING PURPOSE.

Whereas, It is the desire of the friends and patrons of Heidelberg College, located at Tiffin, Ohio, and incorporated by the authority of the legislature of the State of Ohio on the 13th day of February, 1851, for the sole purpose of promoting education, religion and morality, and of the Reformed Church in the United States controlling said

college, to enlarge its powers and purposes and increase its efficiency in accordance with Section 3762 of the Revised Statutes of the State of Ohio; therefore,

Resolved, By the Board of Trustees of said Heidelberg College, in special session assembled in the college building at Tiffin, Ohio, March 18 and 19, 1890, for such purpose and on personal notice to all the trustees of said college, that the Articles of Incorporation of Heidelberg College be amended as follows:

1. That the name thereof be changed to that of Heidelberg University, of Tiffin, Ohio.

2. That the said university be under the entire management and control of a Board of Regents, consisting of twenty-four members elected at the same time and for the same term as the trustees of said college are now elected by the Ohio Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States. That the trustees of said Heidelberg College now elected and acting as such be continued in office as members of such Board of Regents for the respective terms for which they were elected, and that the officers and committees of this board continue the officers and committees of the Board of Regents until the annual meeting of the board and their successors are elected and qualified, and that such Board of Regents hold their meetings at such times and place and under the same regulations as that of the Board of Trustees of said Heidelberg College.

3. That the following departments be, and they hereby are, established in said Heidelberg University:

Literary (including College and Academy.)

Conservatory of Music.

Business.

Art.

Polytechnic.

And such other departments as may from time to time be established or admitted by the Board of Regents.

4. That the officers of the university shall consist of a Chancellor and a Secretary.

5. That the chancellor shall be the head of the university, preside at the general meetings of the faculties, and with the faculties of the respective departments sign the diplomas, conduct all official correspondence, and perform such other duties as are usually connected with such office. The secretary shall keep a record of the joint meetings of the faculties and perform such other duties as usually pertain to such office.

6. That whenever any student or students shall have completed the course of study prescribed in any particular department, they shall be entitled to a diploma in such department.

7. That the faculties in each respective department shall be organized by said Board of Regents at such time and in such manner as said board may deem best, and their respective rights, powers and duties prescribed and defined by such board.

8. That the faculty of said Heidelberg College as at present constituted, and all others in the employment of said college, shall be continued under the same conditions as those which have previously existed as to salary and departments of instruction.

9. That all the property, real property and estate, and all personal property, all endowment funds and investments, promissory notes, mortgages, securities, gifts, legacies and bequests, and assets of every kind and description, rights, powers and privileges belonging to, possessed and enjoined by, or due or coming to said Heidelberg College, and claims in its favor, be and the same are hereby assigned, transferred and vested in said Heidelberg University.

That the above is a true copy of such amendment as passed by said Board and spread upon its records.

That the Board of Trustees of Heidelberg College is composed of twenty-four members.

That each and all of the members of said Board of Trustees had been actually notified of the time and place of said special meeting of said board, and the object and

purpose of such meeting, for more than thirty days prior to such meeting.

That more than a majority of the members of such Board of Trustees were present at such special meeting, participating in its deliberations, and voted unanimously for such amendment to such Articles of Incorporation.

In Testimony Whereof, We, Isaac H. Reiter, as president, and H. H. W. Hibshman, secretary of the said Board of Trustees of said Heidelberg College, in accordance with the action of the board, do hereby set our hands and affix the corporate seal of said Heidelberg College, at Tiffin, Ohio, this 20th day of March.

ISAAC H. REITER,
H. H. W. HIBSHMAN.

[Corporate Seal.]

United States of America, State of Ohio, Office of the Secretary of State, ss.

I, Daniel J. Ryan, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify that the annexed instrument is an exemplified copy, carefully compared by me with the original record now in my official custody as Secretary of State, and found to be true and correct of the amendment to the Articles of Incorporation, enlarging purpose of "Heidelberg College" and changing its corporate name to "Heidelberg University," filed in this office on the 28th day of March, A. D. 1890, and recorded in Volume 43, Page 212, of the Records of Incorporation.

Witness my hand and seal at Columbus, O., this 28th day of March, A. D. 1890.

DANIEL J. RYAN,
Secretary of State.

[Seal.]

DR. WILLIARD'S RESIGNATION.

To the Board of Regents of Heidelberg University.

Gentlemen: I herewith tender you my resignation as President of Heidelberg College, now the Literary department of Heidelberg University, for the following reasons:

First, the action of the Board of Regents in the election of Dr. J. Kost to the position of chancellor reveals, under the circumstances under which it was effected, such a violation of faith, confidence and co-operation that I cannot with proper respect to myself continue any longer in my position.

Secondly, I regard the election of Dr. J. Kost, a life-long Methodist, and almost entirely unknown in the Reformed Church, so out of the fitness of things that it cannot be expected that the university will command either the material or moral support of the Church, from which its main patronage must come, making it difficult, if not impossible, to carry on our educational work with the success which ought to attend it.

Thirdly, the persistence of the Board in its course in the face of the respectful and earnest entreaty of the resident alumni and citizens representing the feeling of the community in reference to the matter will, in my judgment, seriously interfere with the future growth and prosperity of the university and make it so unpleasant and embarrassing that I prefer to withdraw.

For these and other reasons which will suggest themselves to your minds I herewith, with a sad and sorrowful heart, tender my resignation of the position I have held for the last twenty-four years, during which time I have tried to fill it with the best of my ability. I am glad, however, to have the assurance that the last year was characterized with the largest attendance in the history of the institution.

With the earnest desire and prayer for the continued prosperity of the university, I subscribe myself,

Yours truly,

GEO. W. WILLIARD.

Tiffin, O., March 19, 1890.

Rev. S. C. Goss, D. D., offered the following resolutions which were adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Board that the highest interests of our institution at Tiffin, and the welfare of the church represented thereby, demand that Dr. G. W. Williard continue to occupy as heretofore, the honored position which he has so successfully filled to such great satisfaction to the church and with such signal success to our institution during the twenty-four years of his Presidency of Heidelberg College.

Resolved, That under the deep conviction of this feeling, and with the view, as we verily believe it to be to the highest good of our institution, we do most respectfully and earnestly urge Dr. G. W. Williard to reconsider this in the presentation of his resignation, and that added to the above expressed conviction, we, as a united and unanimous board do hereby pledge our hearty co-operation with him in order to secure for the future even greater success than in the past to that department, which has been heretofore "Heidelberg College" as the church knew it, and which is the Literary Department of Heidelberg University, must needs, under his continued, faithful and zealous work go on toward perfection.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to bear to Dr. Williard this expression of sentiment, and to say to him, that at this juncture of things, we do not see our way clear to accept his resignation.

A committee having been appointed and having attended to the duty assigned, reported as follows:

Your committee appointed to bear to Dr. Williard the action of this Board on his resignation as president of Heidelberg College begs leave to say that the Board's action was presented to the Doctor who very promptly and emphatically declined to accede to the request.

S. C. GOSS,
D. VAN HORNE,
HORACE ANKENY,
Committee.

Thereupon the board adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That while the board fails to see the ground for the resignation of Dr. Williard in the alleged want of good faith toward him, we nevertheless accept his resignation and join with him, in praying for the continued prosperity of the University.

By invitation from the Board of Regents, Dr. Kost then appeared before that body and upon being officially informed of his election to the Chancellorship of the new University, thanked the members for the great honor thus conferred upon him and continued his address, saying: Gentlemen of the Board, I understand that Dr. Williard feels himself personally slighted at the result of the election, and as I see that you are greatly embarrassed as members of the Board, I leave with you my resignation or declination of the position to which I have been chosen. I desire to enjoy peace and freedom. Yet even though I should leave the institution, I shall give you the museum promised, and still more in addition thereto, provided that you remain a University, and erect a building to receive and house the collection.

The Board by a large majority declined to receive Dr. Kost's resignation; and, upon learning more fully of the condition of affairs at Tiffin, I went immediately to my friend, Mr. Johnson, the Fremont architect, and engaged his services in drawing up plans and specifications for the museum building which now stands on the campus conjoined

with the gymnasium. I satisfied Mr. Johnson for his work whose value was agreed upon as \$150. I brought the draft to Tiffin, drew my personal check for \$1000 and passed all over to the Board at its next annual meeting.

The next meeting of the Board was held on the 17th of June, 1890. There appeared before the Board a committee appointed by the "Local Alumni" of Heidelberg, consisting of U. F. Cramer, Esq., J. C. Royer, Esq. and J. F. Bunn, Esq., all conspicuous sons of consecrated sires. Miss Florence Cronise appeared on behalf of the Local Alumni. She was so convincible that the regents were almost unanimously ready to vote for—Woman's Suffrage. Her masterly address was a very adroit appeal to the Board to rescind the action it had taken in the election of Dr. Kost to the Chancellorship. After a very respectful hearing of Miss Cronise's eloquent address, Regent Schmertz, of Pittsburg, offered the following paper for consideration:

Whereas, There seems to be in the minds of some a question as to the legality of the action of this board in the election of a chancellor and secretary of the university before the amendment of the articles of incorporation as a university was filed or recorded in the office of the Secretary of State of the State of Ohio; therefore,

Resolved, That we reconsider the action of the board so far as the election of a chancellor and secretary of the university is concerned.

The resolutions were lost by a vote of ten to seven, and on that same day the Chancellor Elect

was inaugurated with appropriate ceremonies in Rickly Chapel.

After that meeting of the Board the agitation began to take a new form. The "Local Alumni" continued to circulate a petition among the citizens of Tiffin and members of the Reformed Church elsewhere, soliciting signatures to be presented to Synod at its next meeting in Bluffton, Ind., asking that ecclesiastical assembly to set aside an action taken by another body incorporated and authorized under the laws of Ohio.

In October following the Synod met at Bluffton, Ind. The petition with three hundred names was taken across the western border of Ohio, and afterward returned to me as its custodian and faithfully kept by me in the archives of the University during my term of four years as Secretary of the Board of Regents.

A number of influential men went from Tiffin to Bluffton to advocate their respective apprehensions of the right in the matter. Judge J. H. Platt, already then a rising young attorney, was invited to go to Synod. He was regarded as a conservative and capable of holding the scales of justice with a fair and steady hand. To someone he said: "A plague on both of your houses". Indeed Judge Platt had always shown a disposition to be in the vicinity "as a very present help in time of trouble". Judge Bunn also went to Bluffton to appear in the lobby. But the lobby did not appear. The Synod treated all parties respectfully and left the action of the Board of Regents unchanged.

I returned from Bluffton to Fremont full of profitable reflection upon the past and some good resolutions for the future. In all that I had tried to do for the promotion of Heidelberg's prosperity I sought not to advance my own personal interest. Neither did I seek to gratify any unwarranted ambition. The experiences through which I had passed in my Heidelberg entanglement were beneficially disciplinary to me as a Christian gentleman. Although I had reason to be agrieved at much treatment which I did not deserve, I resolved to stay by the altar before which I had sworn eternal fidelity to the church and her institutions.

When two perpendicular pronouns come into direct competition with each other in their vaulting ambition for a coveted position of mere titular distinction there is usually a toppling of something from the dizzy altitudes of such pronominal perpendicularities.

Dr. Kost received treatment from his beneficiaries which would have made the cheek of iron blush. He came to us with all his versatility of ripe scholarship and rare accumulations of equipments for the advancement of Geological and Biological science, and went away a broken-hearted Christian gentleman.

The venerable Dr. Williard was entitled to more thorough consideration in the election of Chancellor over an institution for whose prosperity he had devoted the prime of his noble manhood. Though not strictly a martyr, he went to Ursinus College and continued to serve the church through

all the disappointments and bereavements of his declining years.

By a strange providence I was drawn into the service, and worked with no expectation of reward in the form of remunerative position and became a scape goat to carry off the sins of the innocent sheep who had unwittingly fleeced themselves.

How could the wheels of history be turned back in their revolutions? The movement from the beginning was one of those irreversible providences which stand out in bold relief on almost every page of the world's great history. William Cowper was only one of the readers of the record of time's onflow to be observant of the fact that

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

And who would now dare to question the wisdom of God in that tide in the affairs of the College which has led on toward the present prosperity of our University? Who would now turn back the progressive wheels of Heidelberg? Who would now coop the institution up again within the narrow bounds and few buildings wherein it was domiciled a third of a century ago? Where is the vandal that would raze Williard Hall to the ground, tear down our splendid Hall of Science, sap the foundation of our Gymnasium, empty our Museum of its rare collections and level our beautiful Library to the earth? Where is the genuine scholastic progressive who would wipe Armstrong Field from the map, strike the departments of Music,

Art, Athletics, Domestic Science and the Commercial College from the University, and turn the greater Heidelberg back to its primitive age?

After the creation of the Polytechnic Department of the University and the election of Dr. Kost as the Professor of Paleontology, he immediately entered upon the duties of the position thus assigned him. As soon as his affairs in Florida and Adrian could be properly arranged, he moved to Tiffin, bringing with him such equipments as were necessary to start the work of his department. In the mean time a committee of three, consisting of Drs. Williard, Kost and myself, was appointed to solicit funds in Tiffin and elsewhere with which to build a house on the University campus to serve as a home for the Museum and a class room adapted to the giving of instruction in such branches of art and science usually taught in polytechnic schools. The purpose of Dr. Kost was to have the class room in such close proximity to the Museum as to use the latter in supplying object lessons for the students. Nothing was done by the above mentioned committee in the matter except what I did by handing the Board's treasurer my check for \$1,000 of which modest mention is made in Chapter 17 of this book. Only one class in Polytechnics was organized and taught by the Professor of that department.

In anticipation of the new building which had been so enthusiastically projected by the Board in the ephemeral heat of its first love, Dr. Kost opened up his department in the basement story

of the University building, where, in addition to his duties as Chancellor, he associated with himself Professor C. Hornung of the Mathematical department and Robert Chamberlain, then a student in the University, and now one of the rising physicians and surgeons of Tiffin. This association carried forward its work under a two-fold purpose, viz: Educational and Commercial. It made a specialty of reproducing models of extinct forms of life. These forms were placed upon the market and sold to schools in the surrounding country as helps in teaching Historic Geology.

After the crisis in the transitional history of Heidelberg had been reached, and in which Dr. Kost was forced to realize that his magnanimous project in the evolution of the College had been partially defeated, he submissively bowed himself from under a crown of thorns, departed from the scenes of love's labor lost and left the work of the Polytechnic Department to be carried forward by Prof. E. M. Kleckner in the Department of Historic Geology.

CHAPTER XII.

Experimental Theology.

IN 1881, at Bellevue, Ohio, in my absence from the session of that body, I was elected by a declared unanimous vote to the newly created Chair of Practical Theology in Heidelberg Seminary; and, after due consideration, I accepted the call to that position, bought a home in Tiffin, near the Seminary, and, in August, 1892, removed from Fremont to my new field of labor, and began my work with the reopening of the institution in September following.

During my occupancy of the Chair, some of our now most faithful, active and successful ministers went forth into the pastorates of the church.

About the end of the third year in the Seminary there suddenly came another adverse wind that blew my frail bark out upon a stormy sea. An unknown enemy had sown tares in the field, and the bulls of Bashan had broken into the garden of the Lord's house. My co-laborers in the faculty were working with me in seeming harmony of doctrine and purpose. The venerable Prof. Rust was moved to manifest grief, and the scholarly Prof. Zerbe

was filled with holy indignation over some mysterious influence which had been brought to bear upon some of the pious students.

During the three years of my work among the students I had heard of but one serious intimation, viz: that I was not in sympathy with Foreign Missions. On that occasion one of the students called on Mrs. Swander and asked her whether he could not interest her in Foreign Mission work. In his great zeal to convert the world from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same he was entirely ignorant of the fact that only a few years before Mrs. Swander had financially founded the girls' school in Sendai, Japan, by a little gift to the Board of \$1,100 for that purpose, and soon thereafter had forwarded an additional little sum of \$800 toward paying the first year's salary of Dr. Schneider, the outgoing missionary to that foreign field. And yet that Mr. S. S. S. was subsequently sent to the rising Empire of the East to teach the poor heathen how to behave themselves.

When that mysterious storm broke out in the institution, I said little but went immediately to my good wife into whose ear I could always pour my lamentations, and from whose heart I could always expect a flow of consolation. Acting upon her cool-headed advice I began preparatory steps to resign my professorship.

As required by the Constitution of the Reformed Church I wrote out and announced to the proper authorities my resignation six months before its presentation to the Synod; and in the

following October sent it to that assembly convened at Fort Wayne. It was as follows:

Tiffin, Ohio, October 2, 1895.

To the Ohio Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States:

Grace, mercy and peace be multiplied through our Lord Jesus Christ. It is with a heavy heart filled with painful solicitude that I address this communication to your reverend body. In accordance with a notice, placed on the 8th day of last April in the hands of the president of the Board of Visitors, I hereby tender my resignation as Professor of Practical Theology in Heidelberg Theological Seminary. This action is not taken on account of any lack of interest in the institution, or from any loss of love for the work to which I was called by synod, but from the embarrassing effect of circumstances over which I have had no control and a condition of things which I greatly deplore. My primary, if not exclusive purpose in submitting my resignation is to **afford synod full freedom of action** in the solution of a problem which involves **much more than the retention or removal of an humble servant of the church**. Should synod not see its way clear under the circumstances and at this time to accept of my resignation, I would still respectfully request your reverend body to permit me to discontinue the class-room work of my professorship until such time and to such extent as will be consistent with my own sense of honor and eventually promotive of the prosperity of the Seminary and the peace of our beloved Reformed Zion.

Very respectfully,

JOHN I. SWANDER.

Self respect would not permit me to do otherwise than indicated in the above communication to Synod. Christian ministers may be too proud to go to war, even in a just cause. In grief and

regret I turned from the door of the Seminary as a third of a century before I had turned reluctantly from the bitter scene of my matrimonial disappointment, with a somewhat similar prophecy upon my lips: **"You will hear from me as the years roll by"**.

During my first service in the Seminary, 1888, supplying the Chair made vacant by the death of Dr. Good, it became my duty as president of Synod, elected at Lancaster, Ohio, in the previous October, to act upon a petition authorizing me to do so, to call a special meeting of that body for the election of a professor to the above mentioned vacancy. The Synod was thus called together at Tiffin, O., in March, 1888. I presided over the proceedings until someone nominated me as a candidate for that position when I left the chair and called Rev. Dr. Leberman to preside. Dr. David Van Horne received forty-two votes while nineteen votes were cast for me. I then arose and moved that the vote be declared unanimous for the professor elect.

Five months after my election to the Chair of Practical Theology in Heidelberg Seminary Mrs. Swander, in appreciation of the respect shown her husband by such election, and in her desire to help him carry forward the work in which she knew him to be so deeply interested, gave the Seminary \$10,000. This gift was in the form of negotiable paper equivalent to that amount, and subject to the following two conditions, viz: **First**, the interest from that fund was to be paid her during her natural life. **Second**, the fund was to remain as

bequeathed in the deed of assignment "until otherwise appropriated".

After the pietistic insubordination manifested in the Seminary, and the subsequent action of the Synod at Fort Wayne, and, furthermore, feeling that she had been treated in an unbecoming manner, she requested the authorities to return the \$10,000 for reappropriation according to the condition nominated in the bond. She was consequently waited upon by a committee, and the donation was returned to her, and mutually so modified that Mrs. Swander gave the Board of Trustees of the Seminary \$3,200 in cash.

This new fund was faithfully handled and annually reported to Synod by the Treasurer, The Hon. Horace Ankeny, as from "a silent friend" until it disappeared from the records by being merged into the general endowment fund when Heidelberg Seminary was also merged with the Ursinus School of Theology into the Central Seminary.

This cash sum of \$3,200 was agreed upon as the then **present worth** of the contributinal gift of \$10,000. The agreement was reached by the standard rule of actuaries that that amount in cash, if put out and kept at compound interest, would so accumulate as to be worth \$10,000 in cash by the time that Mrs. Swander would reach the eightieth anniversary of her birthday. Now, right here, the remarkable fact is worthy of record that during the very week that her gift amounted, by growth, to \$10,000—January, 1915—she was called by a

voice from heaven to put off "the earthly house of this tabernacle in which she had groaned being burdened" and was "clothed upon with her house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens".

So much did Mrs. Swander's unselfish and noble life impress me that I composed the following poem in memory of her character forever.

SACRED TO HER MEMORY.

Too sacred for broad public view,
These lines are for a chosen few
Of those who love the good and true.

Ps. 25:14

The good and true are largely found,
As life's domestic years go round,
In rustic homes where hopes abound.

Math. 5:5

Oh holy, sacred marriage ties!
When pure, how much like Paradise—
How much like hell when otherwise.

Gen. 2:18; Eph. 5:31-32

Virtue is nurtured by thy charms;
Though not secure against all harms,
There's health and hope within thine arms.

Heb. 13:4

With thee, pure love may rest and stay,
In joy and peace her scepter sway
O'er passion-worlds that pass away.

I Cor. 13:5

'Tis in the mother wife unfolds
Her real character, and molds
The destiny of other souls.

Prov. 31:28; II Tim. 1:5

Our children came, our home to bless;
 Leaving, our home was in distress;
 Yet not entirely comfortless.

Ps. 90:15; Ps. 127:3-5.

God's gracious promise still remained;
 What we had lost the children gained;
 And hallowed ties were still retained.

II Sam. 12:23; Eph. 3:15

In Jesus Christ, well sanctified,
 Those ligaments of life abide,
 To be in heaven glorified.

John 17:10.

Meanwhile, some others filled the place
 (Enlarged).—The Covenant of Grace
 Had broadened for the Nippon race.

Rev. 14:6; Rom. 8:17

And Sendai's daughters will arise,
 With our own children in the skies,
 To bless our hearts and please our eyes.

Sol. Songs 1:58; Rev. 7:9.

Wife was a model mother dear,
 With hopes in heaven while weeping here
 Full many a sad bereavement's tear.

Math. 2:18; Ps. 126:5-6

She wept a tear for many an eye;
 Her ear heard many a plaintive cry;
 Her works of love can never die.

Rom. 12:15; Rev. 14:13.

She spurned the world's vain pomp and show;
 She sent the devil down below,
 With much of false religious show.

I John 2:15; Eph. 4:27; Math. 6:1-6

From her mute harp, well tuned and strung,
Her sweetest melodies were rung
And thus her psalm of life was sung.

I Sam. 1:13; I Cor. 13:4-5.

Her goodness, inborn from on high,
Sought not itself to glorify—
They are most good who know not why.

Math. 6:2; I Cor. 13:5

Romantic reasons did not move
Her in her acts of Christian love—
Her incentive was from above.

Ps. 87:7; II Cor. 5:14

Because she did good sense impart—
Not overdone with too much art—
She was the idol of my heart.

Prov. 31:11

Her ideals were high and rare—
She reached them through Celestial air,
On pinions fleet and plumage fair.

II Cor. 3:5

Her love lived not by self-desire;
'Twas fanned by no ephemeral fire;
Hence did not (like hot air) expire.

Gal. 5:7-8; I Cor. 13:7

Her love had being of its own,
Sprang not from seed for profit sown,
Bloomed best in Zion's temperate zone.

Eccle. 7:16-17; Math. 5:46

Thus modest worth and love combine
To grow on earth, by grace divine,
And in the realm of glory shine.

Ps. 84:11; Rom. 8:18

Thank God for Christianity!
 Real source of true nobility,
 And laver of heredity.

Joel 3:21; I John 1:7

That true nobility of blood
 Enriched her Christian womanhood—
 In artless majesty she stood.

Heb. 12:24; Prov. 31:30; Ruth 1:16

While aiming high for heaven above;
 Her earthlier ambition strove
 For social wealth.—The home of love.

Prov. 31:25; Titus 2:5

When zealots, on election day,
 Patrolled the streets to prate and pray,
 She prayed at home—without display.
 (Her God was not so far away.)

Prov. 14:1; Math. 6:6; Titus 2:4-5

She had an eye for artless art
 But baubles never moved her heart
 To wish and choose mere fancy's part.

Prov. 31:25

While ages roll. Eternally
 To her indebted I shall be
 For her refined rusticity.

James 3:17

While others sought to climb the dome,
 Above the social hippodrome
 Her realm, her song, was "Home Sweet Home."

Titus 2:5

That song she dearly loved to sing,
 While our two little tots would cling
 Fast to their mother's apron string.

Job 29:5

If such be home 'midst grief and tears,
How much more that where love endears
All holy hearts through endless years.
Eph. 3:15

Yet she lived not for home alone
In foreign fields her seed was sown,
That larger crops might thus be grown.
Prov. 31:16; Ps. 126:5

She lived for heaven and hoped to find
Truth, love, joy, beauty—all combined—
To satiate both heart and mind.
I Cor. 13:2

Impervious to flattering fame,
She had a higher, holier aim—
It was to enrich the Christian name.
Psalm 148:13; Phil. 2-9; Rev. 22:4

Her faith and hope through all her days,
In all her weal and woes and ways,
Gave her much joy and God all praise.
II Cor. 6:6-10

For forty years, or less, or more,
'Twas our ambition to die poor.
Christ in the lead; We mark the score.
Isai. 55:4; II Cor. 8:9; Phil. 3:14

This sort is not the poverty
That goads to want and penury
By sinful prodigality.
Rom. 12:11; Luke 15:18

It means that Christians can't afford
To steal and store and heap and hoard
Their consecrations to the Lord.
Mal. 3:8; Rom. 12:1

Such was the type of piety
Of one whose life was more to me
Than all the gems of earth and sea.

Prov. 18:22; I Pet. 3:5

No frauds her faith would tolerate.
All shams she did abominate.
Sincerely did she meditate.

Ps. 29:2; Luke 10:39

In doubt, she rather strove to wait,
Than rush to show and satiate
The pride that seeks the latest date.

Ps. 27:11; Math. 24:11; Thess. 5:21

From spurious methods she refrained,
And pietism, falsely famed,
She pitied, frowned at and disdained.

III John 4

While lust prevailed o'er debauchees,
And lewdness lured through tango teas,
Devotion found her on her knees.

James 4:1; Math 6:6

As nudes and doods, in evening dress,
Indulged in vile voluptuousness
She wept for virtue in duress.

Prov. 7:5-6

Her motto was not folly's creed
Of spasms, shouts, and spurts of speed,
But faith expressed in quiet deed.

II Pet. 1:5-8; James 2:2

'Twas constant faith—not fit and start—
A faith that ruled both head and heart—
Of hope and love the better part.

I John 5:4; Eph. 4:14

That hope "with anchor in the veil,"
Outrode life's storms with steady sail,
Nor waves, nor tempests could prevail.

Rom. 5:22; Heb. 6:19

Hence her emotions were serene,
Though thunder storms oft rolled between
High mountain peaks and deep ravine.

Rom. 12:12

Thus giving right a real assistance
And wrong a consequent resistance,
Her heaven was never at a distance.

Heb. 6:5

Eternal life was always near
To light her pathway, straight and clear,
Because she loved and lived it here.

I John 5:12; John 10:28

Her view of heaven saw more than prize
Awarded to the earthly wise,
'Twas life's full bloom above the skies.

John 10:10

CHAPTER XIII.

Appointed as Receiver.

A FEW weeks after my disappointment in and departure from the Seminary, and before I had time to settle myself at home for a little rest and recreation, I was appointed by the Court as receiver of the Tiffin Agricultural Society, an insolvent manufacturing company with assets of \$150,000 and much more in liabilities. This position was given me without any seeking on my part. Mrs Swander and my good friend, Dr. A. S. Zerbe, went on my bond for \$100,000. I held the position for four and one-half years, and until I had settled the affairs of the Society, paying all the creditors in full, about \$160,000. During those years I had about one hundred men in my daily employment and under my direction. We manufactured Corn Shellers, Brick Machines, Hay Rakes, Hay Tedders, Cider Mills and several thousand Farm Wagons. It was a good schooling for me in secular affairs, and brought me into touch with some of the business activities of the world.

After I had closed up the business under the approval of the Court, and to the satisfaction of all concerned, the business men of Tiffin most

interested in the matter, voluntarily gave me a very fine written Certificate of Character in which they set forth that I was an honest man. In fact I had for some years suspected as much, but now I knew it for I had seen it on paper.

My business as receiver was twofold. It was primarily to sell the plant, close up its affairs, and to make as large a dividend to the creditors and stockholders as the proceeds from such sale would make possible. My second duty was to manufacture farming utensils for the market until I could sell the whole concern with as little loss as possible.

My first inquiry into the cause of the insolvency of the huge enterprise was to ascertain just where the leakage was located. Having ascertained, in part, the cause of the corporation's decadency, my first move was to cut down office expenses, which I reduced from \$4,500 to \$1,800 per annum. My second was to carry less fire insurance. The third was to do away entirely with the expense of keeping accident insurance for the protection of the laboring men. These last two retrenchments were justified by the fact that I took Providence with me into the management of the affair. Having done so, I told the workmen that it was their first duty to keep their fingers out of the buzz-saw.

The next step was to make an entire change in the office force. This I did by excusing the men in office from any further service, and by a careful selection of others. In such choice I was

fortunate in finding two young men of excellent character and business ability; one of whom I installed as my business manager and the other as my bookkeeper and cashier, retaining for myself the responsibility of general oversight and direction.

In the shops I made but a few changes of foremen. The whole business of manufacturing and shipping goods was operated under six departments, viz: Lumber Yard, Foundry, Blacksmithing, Wood Department, Metal Department and Shipping Department. Over these I retained the general management through the several foremen as my subordinates.

Things began and continued to work like a new clock well oiled. I re-established five sales-houses in five great cities in the West, and sold the most of our output through such intermediaries in the market places of the world. I threw the best energy of my brain, with heart and hand into the work to which the Court had appointed me. Confidence was restored. Each man became ambitious to excell all others in hand craft. I was made strong by the stimulating consciousness that I had the respect and cooperation of each and all the men at work under my general direction.

How singularly different from much that I had experienced a few months before in the Theological Seminary! And yet the young theologues were not all to blame for all that had embarrassed me in my work among them. Here in the office and shops I had more proper authority to do

things; there I had to deal with a complication of ecclesiastical authorities and antischolastic insubordinations. Here I could select my materials, there I had to take it unshaped and unseasoned from all the trees in the woods. Here every man knew his place and filled it; there many of the young men knew all the duties of the professors and neglected their own. Here no man troubled himself about matters beyond his proper scope of action; there some of the young men knew just how many angels could dance on the point of a needle without crowding each other out of the cotillion, while they remained blissfully ignorant concerning some of the cardinal points of Christian propriety. Here the students of the industrial arts and practical methods of applied science were content to progress along the lines of their proper work; there some of the students of practical religion were much wiser than their teachers in all matters of theology, theosophy and theodisy.

No wonder that I was happier in manufacturing first class farm wagons out of first class and self selected material than I had been in my attempt to manufacture second class preachers out of third class materials.

Before I was through with the affairs of the receivership I received an intimation from some good friends at Lancaster, Pa., that there would probably be an opening for usefulness in our Eastern Theological Seminary, and as the last twelve years of my life is known to those who care anything about it, I will not speak in this con-

nection of the pleasure with which these years have "rolled by".

I will only add at this point that the satisfaction which I have found in my work in the East was equaled by the pain that I experienced when I was driven by self respect to sever my connection with my dear old Heidelberg. It was in her sheltering arms that I found a safe retreat when I was driven by matrimonial disappointment to change the whole course of my life. It was within her walls that I received my education, and it was in Heidelberg Seminary that my now sainted companion in life had intended to leave the funds which would have helped to perpetuate the work of theological education as long as the years of time shall tide the purpose of God in the onflow of the world's history.

Possibly I may not be severely judged by the Christian public if I here insert parenthetically, and I hope without improper pride, a statement of the very nonessential fact that of all the supernumerous titles with which I have been overburdened, none of them came from my dear old Heidelberg. With the exception of the degree of A. M. conferred upon me in 1868, by Franklin and Marshall College, they all came from chartered educational institutions outside the Reformed Church. More, they all came unbribed, unbought, unpaid for and unsought—and possibly undeserved.

Unknown to me, some of my published works found their way across the Atlantic into London, fell into the hands of the Society of Art, Science

and Literature, and in the way of a surprising echo came back in the form of a gold medal and the announcement of my election as a "Fellow" among those appreciative strangers in the great metropolis of the world. Very much do I prize those tokens of an implied honor, and hope that I may never be guilty of the sin of ingratitude or the crime of unworthiness, and yet

Not from sheepskins do proud distinctions rise,
Act well thy part, there all the honor lies.

While settling the affairs of the matter placed in my hands by the Court, I learned that a receiver sustains a peculiar relation to the Court which appointed him. He is not a mere representative of a party in litigation, neither is he a man with a mere power of attorney to do things. He is rather a right arm of the Court itself in the matter placed in his hands. This I learned through my able attorneys, Lutes and Lutes. After they had directed me in my duties from the standpoint of the law for nearly four years it occurred to them that they ought to have some remuneration for their services, and asked me to address the Court in the matter of their fees. Called upon by the Court to state the amount which in my judgment the attorneys were entitled to for their services down to that date, I arose, stepped to the bar and said:

"May it please your Honor, your receiver is not competent to sit in judgment upon the value of a lawyer's services, yet it is his belief and judgment that it is proper for him to state to the Court that the matter placed into the

receiver's hands has been well and ably attended to, and it is suggested that they be well remunerated." The judge immediately instructed me to draw my check for \$1,000 in favor of Lutes & Lutes.

In May, 1896, I left the matter of manufacturing and selling implements to be managed by my faithful and competent subordinates, and took a trip to Europe. Having been elected by the General Synod of my church as a representative to attend the triennial meeting of the Alliance of the Reformed Churches, I left for Glasgow, Scotland and arrived in that city on the 9th of the following June. Upon my return to America I wrote out my impressions in an article for the **Reformed Church Review**, under the title, **The Present Trend of Theological Thought**. The following is the opening paragraph:

The writer's visit to the leading Presbyterian city in the world afforded him a rare opportunity to observe and compare a few of the various methods of ecclesiastical thinking now prevalent, if not predominant, in the compass of an ever-restless and inquiring Christendom. Arriving in Glasgow June 9, 1896, and alighting from the London Day Express, we found ourself, first of all, impressed with the presumptuous and pretentious ecclesiasticism of narrow-gauged Presbyterian glory. The coming together of "The Alliance of Reformed Churches" in the sixth General Council was liberally preannounced by large and attractive posters. On our way through the crowded streets to the Windsor Hotel we could read the evidence of our arrival: "Twenty millions of Presbyterians represented in the city; three hundred Presbyterian delegates in Glasgow from all parts of the world; the Pan- Presbyterian assembly will convene on the 17th in St. Andrew's Hall." Great is Presbyteriology!

On the morning of the 17th as a recipient of unbounded Scotch hospitality, under the Christian care and direction of the local management of the "Pan," and forgetful of the fact that our certificate as a delegate from the Reformed Church in the United States was a testimonial of our appointment to the "Alliance," we immediately fell into the "Pan" and joined the trend of theological thought or thoughtlessness to the Barony Church, whence the company proceeded to the Cathedral. At the Cathedral, both the "Pan" and the "Alliance" were apparently left out of mind. The imposing and impressive service was such as to render the occasion a sweet communion of saints in the fellowship of a broad and catholic conception of the Gospel. The spiritual edification and delight of the hour received no little assistance from the very appropriate and truly gospel sermon preached by that advance agent of Scotch theology, Dr. Marshall Lang, who left his audience under the impression that he was fully abreast with the world's leading trend of stalwart and progressive theological thinking.

I cannot express the joy that I experienced upon my return home to meet again with my dear wife, and relieve her of that painful anxiety she had endured during my absence abroad. It was not until that time, after having been married thirty-six years, that I placed upon her finger the engagement ring which I had selected with great care in a foreign city.

On going the next morning to my office at the Agricultural Works I found to my delight that the young men had managed its affairs about as well as I could have done it myself. When I left in May there was \$9,000 in bank upon which to do business during my absence. Returning, I found

that the bank had \$13,000 placed to my credit as receiver. These managing young men are worthy of special mention. They were and still are, Harry Pittinger, James E. Hershberger, George Horner Hal Lott and Henry Angel.

While in Glasgow I was the guest of Rev. James Grant, pastor of the Saucha Hall Street Presbyterian Church. He was not only a hospitable host, but also a scholarly man, having taken a private post graduate course under Sir William Thomson, afterward Lord Kelvin. Of course mine host drafted me into his service on the Sabbath day. Having groomed me in some sort of clerical attire with flowing sleeves cut bias, he installed me into his pulpit for the divine service of the day. The audience was estimated at eleven hundred—solemn, sober, saintly Scotch people. The collection amounted to fifteen pounds Sterling—about \$70. I preached with great acceptance—to—myself, and with seeming edification to the audience.

I brought with me from that pulpit the evidence of a most manifest reverence on the part of the people of that place and hour of the divine presence. They may not be up to date along the line of the American saw dust trail, yet they do know how to behave themselves in church. This fact was made still more manifest to me on my return home to America when I beheld the leader of a Christian Endeavor Society entertaining a plug of chewing gum and the Lord's prayer in her mouth at the same time.

Before I took the Tiffin Agricultural Works

under my authority as receiver I was informed and warned by some young ladies whose principal delight in serving the Lord was found in playing pedro that I should be very careful or I would find myself in company with those wicked young men in the shops who would sometimes indulge themselves in a game of "Old Sledge". Warned by such pious pretentions, I made it my duty one day to pass through the shops about the time they were taking lunch from their tin buckets; and, sure enough, I actually saw several groups of workmen engaged in playing at cards. As card playing was a part of my education which had been entirely neglected, the knowledge of such games was too wonderful for me. I therefore passed along merely saying unto them: "Well, young gentlemen, are you having a little recreation?" One of them respectfully replied, "Yes; we are putting in the noon hour." I moved on, and I wish to say right here that in all my rounds through the shops during four and one-half years I saw no more cards or card parties in that institution. I subsequently reported that the young gentlemen had discontinued the card parties in the shops with the intention of joining with them in the parlors. And what is the ethical difference after all between the two. Is there really any more room for sin in a game of euchre than in a game of bridge? Is there any more crime in playing for a dollar than there is in playing for a booby? Is there necessarily any more place for the devil in a German pretzel than there is in a Yankee biscuit?

During those years, with one exception, I saw no evidence of intoxicating beverages in or about the office or the shops. The above-mentioned exception came under my observation as I was one day engaged in the office looking over the ledger. One of the men came in from the shop and told me that the boss would not let him work any more. I looked up, and observing his condition, said, "John, you are drunk. Go home to your wife and sober off. Come back tomorrow and I will see you." The next day John came back and said to me, "Doctor, I am sober now. Can I have my place again?" I told him to report to his foreman. He reported to the "boss", and now, after twenty years, John is still at his post in the same department of the institution.

After I had finished the work which the Court had given me to do and handed in my final report for the Court's approval, the Court asked me what sum would be a sufficient remuneration for my long term of service. I left the matter entirely with the Court and was awarded a sum that made my compensation about \$1,800 per year. I scarcely knew what to do with so much money. I have served the church as a minister of the gospel for about fifty-seven years at an average salary of less than \$600 a year, and the Heidelberg Seminary for nearly four years as professor of theology, receiving \$223, which I immediately turned back into the treasury, as the minutes of Synod will bear record.

CHAPTER XIV.

Christological Theology.

ON or about 1840, our theological professors of the Reformed Church, Drs. Wolf and Mayer finished the work which the Father had given them to do in our Eastern Seminary and laid down their pilgrim staves at the door of Heaven. The Eastern Synod, therefore, sent a committee to Germany to search after some young men to take up the work of teaching theology on this side of the Atlantic. The committee called upon Dr. Schleiermacher, then a rising theologian, and Dr. Krumacher, the great German preacher and author, for advice in their selection of a suitable and available man. Those great Christian and scholarly Germans recommended Phillip Schaff as the one most promising for the position which they sought to fill. The young Rev. Phillip Schaff accepted the invitation, crossed the ocean and in 1844 was inaugurated Professor of Theology at Reading, Pa.

Dr. Schaff had not been in this country very long before he found his responsive compliment in the person of Dr. John Williamson Nevin, former-

ly a Presbyterian Professor in their Seminary at Allegheny City, Pa. These two kindred spirits, ably seconded by Dr. Augustus Rouch, may be regarded as the founders of Christological Theology in this country. To what extent this theology was tinctured with Hegelian Philosophy need not at this point be discussed. The Reformed Seminary at Carlisle having been moved to Mercersburg, Pa., the Mercersburg Review was started for the primary purpose of advocating and defending the new cast of theological thought then emphasized in the Reformed Church.

It is a remarkable coincident that in or about the middle of the last century when the Mercersburg Review was started a number of the graduates of the Carlisle Seminary came to Ohio and took part in the founding and operating of Heidelberg College and Seminary. Among these were Rev. S. S. Rickley, Rev. A. P. Frieze, Rev. Hiram Schaul, Rev. Jeremiah H. Good, Rev. Reuben Good, Rev. Emanuel V. Gerhart, Rev. Herman Rust and Rev. Moses Keiffer. The most of these became presidents of or professors in Heidelberg College or Seminary. And all of them were more or less either advocates or champions of the Christological Theology then taught in the institutions of the church and heralded through the Mercersburg Review.

But what was this Christological Theology which then largely distinguished the scientific Christian thinking of the Reformed Church East and West, during my youth, my early manhood

and my first years in the ministry? Did it propose to shoot a new theological meteor into the old skies already hazy with nebulous nonsense? Not at all. It rather contended that the old Sun of righteousness should be permitted to arise with greater healing in his wings.

When Dr. Nicholas Copernicus turned his attention from the study of the structure and ailments of the human body to institute an inquiry into the system of planetary relations and revolutions he aimed neither to destroy the old nor proclaim the existence of new worlds. It was rather his rational purpose to discover the order and demonstrate the law that governed what had been from the beginning, is now and ever shall be, until the heavens are no more. He sought for no new system, but for a new recognition of an old heliocentric system. He founded a new astronomy and flashed its scientific light upon the world. So with Mercersburg Christology. It does not radically antagonize or aim to destroy the essential parts of any doctrine or tenet of the faith once for all delivered to the saints. For example, the divine sovereignty, the incommunicable prerogatives of the absolute One, the fatherhood of God, the eternal sonship of Jesus Christ, the personality of the Holy Ghost, the brotherhood of man, universal depravity on account of sin, the need of atonement, justification by faith—these with all other teachings of the Bible, whether formulated into confessions, or otherwise held, are neither ignored nor set aside as of less importance than as generally

held in the creeds of christendom. It is claimed, however, that they should be viewed as occupying their respective positions in the periphery and around the center of a christocentric and organic system. As now placed and viewed in the atomistic and manufactured plans of redemption, none of these doctrines appear in their superlative truth and beauty.

The Christology then contended for by the Mercersburg school of recast theological thought was not a mechanical complication of cardinal Christian varieties with the truth of Christ's divine human person as the center of a group, giving him a place in a human plan of salvation in a sense somewhat similar to that in which the Kohinoor diamond might be regarded as having found its proper setting in a jeweled cluster of less precious and less brilliant gems. Such an attempt to concede Christ's pre-eminence in all things, and to crown Immanuel Lord over all things may be regarded as very little better than placing another crown of thorns upon his head. Herein consists the weakness and the worthlessness of many so-called systems of theology. Indeed they are not systems at all, but rather collections and schemes. Their weakness is not necessarily in any destitution of truth, but rather in the lack of **organic** wholeness. Fragmentary collections of all the perfect parts do not necessarily constitute a perfect and comprehensive whole.

Glory and honor, power and praise
Superlative to God be given!
Mortals awake with swelling lays,
And praise the incarnate King of Heaven,
Whose advent through His virgin birth
Brings life to man and peace on earth.

Let man, abashed with speechless awe,
Bend low before the Child divine!
Before this light all shades withdraw,
This gem possessed, all heaven is mine.
Then bless, my soul, the eyes that see
Thy God in thy humanity,

Great actions lack integrity
When sundered from their living soul;
Even truth becomes a travesty
Apart from its essential whole.
The atonement saving power imparts,
Since "Christ is all in all" its parts.

The atonement's not by agony,
Nor by excruciating pain:
These show, in fact, the great degree
Of love in Christ for sinners slain.
Thus He man's real condition meets,
And the atonement well completes.

True orthodoxy never forced
Asunder parts of God's great plan;
Great Bethlehem is not divorced
From Calvary. Great God in man
Weaves one organic mystery
Clear down the aisle of history.

These views I have consistently held and advocated for nearly two-thirds of a century. These convictions have helped me to mold all the sermons that I have preached during my ministry down to

date. These principles I modestly set forth as I occupied the interim chair in 1888, when I had for my pupils such diligent young men as C. E. Miller, now president of Heidelberg university, George A. Snyder, since president of Catawba College, W. C. Tussing, now pastor of one of the large Reformed Churches in Pittsburg, Harry J. Beam, at present a professor in Heidelberg and A. H. Zechiel, now my successor as pastor of the Fremont charge. These doctrinal tenets I set forth in my inaugural address in Hough Avenue Reformed Church, Cleveland, when the Synod inducted me into the chair of Practical Theology, which address was published in pamphlet form by the Synod with its full approval.

In fact there never was any question raised as to the orthodoxy of my views and my competency to fill the position assigned me until somebody under the instigation of some other body suddenly thrust a fire brand into the combustibility of Heidelberg Seminary in 1895—prompted, it seemed, by a motive whose real character cannot be described by any terms found in the vocabulary of Heaven.

I had then reached a crisis in my life of appointments and disappointments that had nothing equal thereunto since my experience at the gate in — Township. What could I do? Nothing remained for me but to avail myself of one of the Master's beatitudes: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God".

Never having had any admiration for the or-

thodoxy of a thermal hell, and not wishing to create a hell by feverish haste, I waited six months for the Synod at Fort Wayne to assume the responsibility of the pictistic outrage, and then I turned with great reluctance and sorrow from the Heidelberg which I still loved and—became a free-man.

As stated in Chapter XIII, soon after I had finished my work as receiver I was chosen by the three Synods in the East to a lectureship in the Seminary at Lancaster, Pa., and then, after filling that position for several years, I was elected or appointed by the old Eastern Synod, the Synod of Pittsburg and the Potomac Synod as Associate Professor to the Chair of Systematic Theology in the Lancaster Seminary.

My work in that position I have brought down to the present time, with but one chronic regret, viz: that I was not permitted to do for Heidelberg that which, from self respect, I am now doing for Lancaster, according to the limited ability that God giveth.

Indeed I was so absorbed with the affairs and interested in the prosperity of Heidelberg that when I could do nothing else to advance it toward its present position among the higher educational institutions of this country I wrote poetry for the promotion of its greatness and glory. The following is a sample which under the inspiration of the Muses issued from the point of my spluttering pen and appeared in the Killikillick:

CO-EDUCATION.

A Parody on Paradise Lost and Found.

Come, muses of irrisive fire,
Inflame my tongue, attune my lyre;
While of life's travesty I sing,
And burlesque on the banjo bring.

When a man through sin had lost his God,
And left his primitive abode,
He passed the Paradisic gate
Into a sad and pensive state.

Poor Milton's optics were too blind
To see the hades of mankind;
Else would the blind old bard have given
Man's wretched state 'twixt earth and heaven.

Neither has Dante's 'Ferno shown
Man's hottest hell when left alone,
Hence he was put to sleep to spare
A rib to keep him from despair.

Now ribs, though curved from end to end
Have never been inclined to bend,
Hence wisdom's surgery was planned
Before the rib could take command.

The work accomplished, Adam's eyes
Were opened for a real surprise—
Miss Eve awaiting at his side,
"So sudden," to become his bride.

And when she to his side had pressed
To fill the place the rib possessed,
No rivalry his soul distressed,
For Eve was first and all and best.

Coquets and flirts were yet unborn;
Deceit in courtship had no thorn;
Although the love-god fired his darts
And arrows sharp between two hearts.

With googoo shafts from Cupid's quiver,
The pair sailed up Life's placid river
For Hymen port with wedding ring—
" 'Twas just too cute for anything."

Oh, happy pair! For holy state,
In figtree gowns to graduate,
Enwreathed in smiles, entranced in charms,
Emparadised in virtue's arms.

* * * * *

Alas, the turn in the river's tide!
Young Eve believed; old Satan lied;
The woman's heart was thus beguiled
And Paradise was thus defiled.

The weather bureau signaled danger,
Yet Eve went flirting with a stranger,
Till folly's fatal fruit was eaten
And hell rejoiced that heaven was beaten.

Earth felt the wound and sighed with woe;
Creation groaned beneath the blow;
All nature writhed in sorrow, driven
Before the thunderbolts of heaven.

Then from the garden they were sent,
On their long march of banishment;
Even loving was a sad sensation
And sadder still reciprocation.

Poor banished exiles! How they wandered
From home and hope and heaven sundered—
Until at Heidelberg, remated,
Their children are co-educated.

Or give the word such hyphenation
That calves may have **cow-education**
On bovine lacteal, fresh and warm
Or cream in Sophmoric form.

How sad that milk's fermentive power
Should cause the Freshman's cream to sour,
And separate in curd and whey
Before his graduation day!

Then "Rah!" bring out the college yell!
Let Venus play her antics well;
Let Juno's garland charms excell;
Let Flora ring the college bell!

Let cooing squabs the chorus swell
Goslings and gods in concert tell
That Heidelberg is just the place
To **co-w-educate** the rising race.

Great heavens! is there nothing greater
To inspire our grand old Alma Mater
Than kindergart infatuation—
Soft substitute for **Education**.

A PLEA FOR HEIDELBERG.

In old Sandusky's fertile vale,
Near Rocky Run's meandering dale
Our pious fathers spread their sail
To waft our University.

'Twas here they wept their anxious tears;
'Twas here they gave their toils and cares;
And here they raised their fervent prayers
To God for their posterity.

'Twas here with earnest invocation
They raised their standard for the nation:
"Christianity and Education,
Safeguards" for all futurity.

Rickley, the Goods, and Leonard wrought,
Kieffer, Gerhart and Higbee taught—
When salaries were next to naught—
They wrought and taught abundantly.

Here Williard's manhood years were spent;
Here his best energies were bent;
And here must stand his monument
While memory mourns in elegy.

How well they laid the foundation stone,
How wisely seeds of truth were sown,
Can only be correctly shown
From records in eternity.

But what have we, their children, done
To complete work which they begun,
Moving like heaven's circling sun,
To spread the light triumphantly.

As we their places occupy
We'll write and read the motto high
Emblazoned brightly on the sky—
"Truth must prevail eventually."

'Tis here that our fond memory brings
Us back to scenes of sacred things,
To drink from the Pierian springs—
Best curative for vanity.

'Tis here we teach all mathematics;
Here, too, we propogate dogmatics,
And here we tolerate erratics
In boobies spoiled from infancy.

Kilikilik hath here in hand
The work of which it has command,
Filled up with gems of brightest brand,—
And hods of home-made poetry.

The ball ground is the great attraction
For lovers of good sportive action,
Till bedlam brings its dire reaction,
Belched from the throats of lunacy.

The library has alcoved lore,
Yet midnight rogues unbolt the door,
And stack the volumes on the floor,
In desecrative deviltry.

The Boarding Hall aims at perfection
And sometimes shoots in that direction,
While few desire complete protection
From rules and right authority.

Queen Ann's back yard has a laundry string,
Queen Mary sports a lovely swing,
"It's just too sweet for anything"—
When used coeducatively.

That osage fence—don't mention—well—
We could not, would not, should not tell
How felines raise their midnight hell
In screamings of ferocity.

To the past record much belongs,
Of "Alma Home" in empty songs,
With grave mistakes and greivous wrongs,
Through zeal without sagacity.

We've turned old benefactors down,
Forced on their heads a martyr's crown,
Then wore a pictistic frown,
To masquerade our blundery.

Yet Heidelberg is here to stay,
While feuds and follies pass away
Before a broader, brighter day
Of permanent prosperity.

This is the twentieth century day,
And points a more progressive way
Than fancy's path where dreamers play
With poses in puerility.

Then let us live and give to prove
That full success is not above
The deeds of loyalty and love
To our struggling University.

Let trumpets blow for every class,
Arouse, ye men! Enthuse, en masse,
Let Israel's priests be first to pass
At Jordan's ford financially.

Let all, as with one purpose rise,
And make a telling sacrifice
To push along the enterprise
Of Heidelberg's endowmency.

All workers work with might and main;
All purses bleed at every vein;
All efforts swell the mighty strain
For Alma's immortality.

Ye saints of valor and renown,
Ye fathers in the skies look down;
For while Emanuel wears the crown
He'll crown His cause with victory.

After serving several years in the Chair of Systematic Theology at Lancaster, I decided to review the whole history of the development of the dogma of Our Lord's Divinity from the dis-

cussions of Athanacious with Arius and brought to their results in the formulating of the Creeds of the early Church, on to the Heidelberg Confession, 1563. This thorough research led me to write my book, "The Divinity of Our Lord". In writing that volume I became, more than ever, convinced that the well established Christological tenets of our holy religion are not so much in danger from the open assaults of avowed infidelity as they are from religious rationalism. Hence I was led to say in that book, page 272:

"The false presumptions of misguided reason appeal to science, but instead of regarding natural science as a mere vestal virgin at religion's holy shrine, that helpful hand-maid of the Lord is unduly exalted above her proper province. Natural science is summoned as a competent witness to give evidence of questionable admissibility in the highest court of the moral universe in a matter involving the impeachment of the most fundamental verities in the great mystery of Godliness and the long established claims of supernatural religion.

"Yet science has its place and mission among the agencies that God sees fit to own and use in the revelation of Himself to mankind, and in the restoration of mankind to a Heavenly Father's full favor. A broad and aggressive theology is not afraid of all the dromedaries of Midian. Progressive Christian scholarship neither decries science nor denies its helpfulness in solving the problem of revealed religion. Conservative progress, however, insists that natural science shall not only keep itself within its own proper province, but also solve and explain its own mysteries before it presumptuously attempts to cross the threshold of the supernatural realm for the purpose of sitting in judgment upon the mysteries into which even the angels vainly try to look.

"Let natural science see to it that it perfectly understands the forces, laws and operations within its own domain before it recklessly leaps its boundaries and grapples with the mysteries over the border. It is rather the half-fledged disciple with his mere smattering of scientific attainments who now presumptuously rushes in where angels fear to enter. A few of the apostles of agnosticism are already sufficiently advanced in their efforts to explore the vast realm of nature to know and acknowledge that they have barely passed the portals of their own proper domain. Let us hear what Prof. Huxley has to say upon this point. On the 27th of April, 1877, the great scientist of England wrote to Dean of Wells, "I have not the slightest objection to offer a priori to all the propositions in the creeds. The mysteries of the church are child's play compared to the mysteries of nature. The doctrine of the trinity is not more puzzling than the necessary antinomies of physical speculation. Virgin procreation, and resurrection from apparent death are ordinary phenomena for the naturalist."

"Whether or not Mr. Huxley in his statement above quoted had any reference to the parthenogenesis discovered and proven in the development of the honey-bee is not at this point an essential inquiry. It is, however, true, and confirmatory of the correctness of the writer's observation during thirty years in the study of the phenomena of the apiary, that the most reliable authorities on the generation and propagation of the bee regard it as settled beyond scientific dispute that numerous cases of virgin birth have taken place in the development of that insect. While fertilization usually takes place according to the general law governing such propagation, there are many well authenticated cases in which the eggs of the female is developed without any connection whatever with the fertilizing principle in the spermatozoa of the male bee or drone. It is also worthy of note that the progeny in such exceptional cases is always a male. Furthermore, such

parthenogenic development of bee-life is no more mysterious than the propagation of life by means of sexual fertilization according to the general rule; and the man who "staggers at the promise" that a human virgin should be the mother of a son ought not to strain at a gnat while he is able to swallow a whole caravansary of camels and dromedaries.

"The above quotation from Prof. Huxley is given by Gore in his Bampton Lectures on 'The Incarnation of the Son of God.' On page 266, note 15, he writes: 'Prof. Huxley has kindly allowed me to make the quotation from a private letter written by him to the late Dean of Wells.' In like manner the author of this book thankfully acknowledges his indebtedness to his friend, Rev. Dr. A. S. Weber, of Baltimore, for his very highly appreciative assistance in locating the sentence quoted, and for verifying the same by reference to the work of Rev. William W. Peyton of England, on 'The Incarnation.' A. and C. Black London, 1905."

No versatile Christian scholar, no well proportioned theologian with his proper place at the feet and near the throbbing heart of Jesus can fail to become a Christologian, and a workman that needeth not to be ashamed of his labors in the vineyard of the Lord. We do not reach Christology through theology, but rather by the reverse order. While it is true that no man can come to Christ except the Father draw him, it is more fundamentally true that we can approach the Father only through Christ. The New Testament is the key that unlocks the meaning of the Old Testament. "The Lion of the tribe of Juda alone can take the book and open the seals thereof." "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son who is

in and from the bosom of the Father, he hath declared and revealed him."

I continue this chapter, as I close the book on **The Divinity of Our Lord**, with the following quotation therefrom:

Young gentlemen:

"You are living, you are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
Ages upon ages telling
To be living is sublime."

The sublimity of your lives will, however, depend very much upon the motive with which and the manner in which you meet the responsibility and take part in solving the tremendous problems now challenging the purest piety and the best Christian scholarship of the twentieth century. To be equal to the occasion you must find your equilibrium, and balance yourselves in a perfect poise between the authority of the Holy Catholic Church and the chartered rights of the individual conscience. The proper reconciliation of all apparent disagreements and consequent conflicts between these two necessary factors in the final solution of the problem involved can be reached only as you are "rooted and grounded in love," and thus made "able to comprehend with all saints." Eph. 13:17-18.

In such comprehension of the tremendous mystery confronting you, even though you behold the panorama of progressive truth through a glass darkly, you will see upon the one hand that Christian faith is too rich in the elements of evangelical freedom to allow itself to be buttressed by any one form of sound words, however venerable their antiquity. The Christian religion, when properly apprehended, does not bind its votaries to the extent and such an unqualified sense as to place an embargo upon their right to sail out of any narrow port into which

they may have been driven by even the most gentle zephyrs of false tradition. Upon the other hand, it is above all things important that you cling to and defend the kernel of the old truth of the old gospel. In it you will find your all sufficiency and your exceeding great reward. The young man who drifts into the Christian ministry thinking more of some human discovery in science, falsely so called, than he does of the essential substance of the Christian faith will continue to be thinking more of an ephemeral reputation for scholastic attainments than he does of the imperishable glory of God's everlasting Kingdom, and end by thinking more of himself than he does of the eternal Christ. Such men are frequently found ready to abandon the pulpit and become planetoids or asteroids on the public platform. When that point is reached by these wondering stars they are fit for almost anything—on this side of heaven.

In the exercise and enjoyment of your rights to do a little thinking upon your own responsibility remember that the church of Jesus Christ is not a mere weather-vane with no higher mission than to show which way the shifting wind of religious sentiment blows, but rather the ground, pillar, custodian and dispenser of the truth and grace which comes by Jesus Christ. Within certain scriptural and rational limitations, the church, in her organic constitution must make progress in the way of a more clear, correct and expansive apprehension of the truth; but as long as her legitimate children honor the mother that gave them spiritual birth they will have too much modesty to think lightly of those formulations of the faith that their spiritual mother made when she drank the truth from near the Fountain head, and caught her inspiration from the throbbings of that heart which pulsated in the bosom of God Himself.

Young gentlemen:—God forbid that you should ever be seduced by the forbidden fruit of German rationalism or American sentimentalism. To prevent all possibility

of such seduction you will cling to and contend for the faith revealed in the Word of God, formulated in the Apostles' Creed defended by the church Fathers with such immortal heroism; and which must continue to be our inheritance as long as we are worthy of a place among the children of the Highest. Any form of religion that does not cling with heaven born tenacity to the Deity of Jesus Christ must ultimately and utterly perish from the earth out of which it sprung, even though its votaries should be saved as by fire. Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid. Immanuel is the battle cry of our conflict with the powers of darkness, the bulwark of our faith and the sheet-anchor of our hope. May this cardinal truth indelibly inscribed upon our banner, move on in the sweep of its power toward the throne of its glory, until the moral universe shall acknowledge and confess the proper divinity of Him whose feet tread the wine-press alone, whose finger makes the planets spin, whose hand the constellations move, and by the power of whose almighty arm ten thousand shining worlds were hammered like sparks from the anvil of His omnipotence.

I did not consider Christological theology as advocated by the Mercersburg school of the sacred sciences, as either free from all errors or fully complete in the expression of the whole truth. I rather regarded it as prophetic of better things to come. My limited reading had led me to look upon Hegel, Schleirmacker, Dorner, and Ritschl, with all the weaknesses discoverable in their writings, as voices crying out of the wilderness: "Prepare the way of the Lord; make his paths straight". At the same time I recognized the echoes of Schaff, Roush, Nevin, Harbough, Gerhart, Apple and Rupp on this side of the Atlantic as indicating

that "our God was marching on", in that direction.

To me the bemuddled theology of the Middle Ages and the much befuddled theology of the Post Reformation age seemed to come far short of the orthodoxy which is to welcome in the millennial morn. And as I, in my first published works, had looked toward the dawn of something better in the whole range of the physical sciences, consistency, as well as the consciousness of a divinely ordained providence in the direction of the more sacred sciences, required of me that I should turn my face toward the rising sun of a new future.

Even though I was ready to concede that I was among the least of theologians, I claimed to be second to no man in my respect for the **proper** authority of the church and the supreme authority of the Bible in matters of faith and doctrine-dogma. I, however, felt that dogmatic theology had come to be a fallable church's interpretation of a Bible not always inerrant on the human side of that great book, though written by holy men of God as inspired by the Holy Ghost. Hence, with no less respect for the accumulated wisdom of the pious past, I felt that my heart was longing for a theology in which I could hear the benevolent throbbings of the great **Master's** heart—a theology or Christology responsive to the upgushings of my rational soul: "I need thee every hour, Oh, Thou Most High". This greater nearness to my God I was not able to reach in all the exercisings of my rational, ethical and emotional powers except through a revelation of truth, as it is in the pres-

ent, personal historic Christ, to and through my Christian consciousness and experience, in **con-**
formity with, and drawing its **sanction directly**
from that inwrought hearty assurance which the Holy Ghost works in my heart by the preaching of the gospel, and in such a way as to meet the nature of my ethical wants and satisfy all the wants of my ethical nature.

This revelation I needed—required—**demand**
ed—rather than a galvanized dogmatic theory transferred to my intellect through the mere ratiosinations of canonized theories and holy logic. The yearnings of my poor heart called for a no less logical, but a more psychological plank in the platform of my creed and subjective foundation upon which I sought to rest my soul in sweet repose. Hence I turned anew, with all my regenerated powers of heart, mind and will to the supreme miracle that confronted the world in the great philosopher of Gallilee—the historic Christ, the glory of the past, the life of the present and the hope of the future, and thus succeeded in finding my better self in the better, broader, brighter splendor of the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world—the light that flashed itself into the world over Moab's hills.

Hitherto the intellectual inquiries after God and his relation to his ethical universe had unduly shaded and shrouded those yearnings of the soul which find their full realization only in genuine Christian experience, and confirmatory response in the Christ of the gospels as apprehended through

that supreme revelation which he has made of himself and the Father through the teachings of his own lips, authenticated by the miracle of his life and perpetuated in the church by his ever abiding presence to the end of time.

The early theological efforts of Justin Martyr; the dogmatic teachings of Saint Augustine with his undue stress upon the sovereignty of God and his unwarranted emphasis upon total depravity; the Medieval theology that culminated in the teachings of Thomas Aquinas with its scholastic speculations and disquisitions; the theology of Anselm with his heroic efforts to keep God out of trouble by his theory of an abstract atonement outside of the individual believer; the theology of the Reformers with the hairsplitting distinctions in their more biblical inquiry after the truth; the theology of pious reasons about religious abstractions that confused the first few centuries after the Reformation; the theology of constructive or reconstructive criticism which does not claim **more** or **different** inerrancy for the Bible than what that great book claims for itself; the theology of modern Evangelisticism with its spasmodic eruptions and emotional travesties, **all** doubtless serve to carry forward the purpose of God in the onflow of church history, and yet rather point the prophetic index finger toward the coming in of a more rational, truly scientific and experimental theology better adapted to the solution of the mysteries of this life and in pointing the way to the glory of the life to come.

Corresponding and running parallel with this theological trend of progress toward something better in the progressive apprehension of the **gospel** as the power of God unto salvation. The Pauline gospel of philosophical interpretation to the Greeks and the Petrine shadings of the gospel in a manner adapted to Rome and the Roman church must yet come to be glorified together in its future Johanine apprehension and application when sound Christian experience will eliminate dogmatic doubt, Christian charity cast out all that fear which hath torment and prepare the way for the tabernacle of God to dwell with men.

CHAPTER XV.

The Great Sorrow of My Life.

I COME now to write the saddest chapter of this book—the saddest experience of my life. Sorrow for our sainted dead is the only sorrow from which we are unwilling to be divorced. It contains an element too sacred to be lost in the dust of oblivion. The mournful memory clings to much that gives it pain. Bereavement draws the balm of comfort from self inflicted wounds.

Love endures all for greater gains,
Enthralls itself for freedom's chains,
And thrills' with pleasure in its pains.

If any one should say that I am too lavish with my praise for departed worth, I have only to say in reply that I have never yet heard of any man being kept out of heaven, **here or hereafter** by superlative respect for the woman who made his home by becoming the mother of his children.

When I was a young man I read a silly little book on **Matrimony Made Easy**; yet I never knew what it meant until I had translated it into the concrete vernacular of the ideal domestic life. That

ideal began to realize itself for me and in me when Miss Barbara Kimmel made it easy for me to be a Christian and hard to be a widower.

Already twenty years ago I wrote in the History of the Swander Family, the following sketch of her life and character:

Barbara Kimmel Swander was born January 5, 1835. She became a true and faithful member of the Reformed Church by a public profession of her faith in the Lord Jesus Christ in 1858. After her marriage, she entered immediately upon the duties of a Christian minister's wife. These duties she recognizes as consisting primarily in making and keeping for her husband a model Christian home. She never manifests any desire to unsex herself by mounting the Church's public platform to harangue the audience on the duties and beauties of so-called church work. Her idea of a Christian lady's share in church work finds its realization in "A nobler sphere, a higher, holier trust." It is in this narrow, noble realm that she seeks to make home happy, hearts holy and heaven sure. And right well she has filled the measure of her duty as she thus understands and discharges the same. She does not, however, confine her Christian efforts and good works to her own home. In a quiet and unostentitious way she sends the sunshine of her deeds into the homes of others—especially the poor. These deeds are known only to the recipients of her benefactions and to the one who knows her best. Her ears are absolutely out of tune with the blasts so commonly blown from the trumpets of the world's applause.

"Nor needs she power and splendor,
Wide hall and lofty dome,
The good, the true, the tender—
These live and love at home."

A faithful wife, a model mother and a superlatively good housekeeper! Barbara Kimmel Swander has, in addition to these domestic accomplishments, a well cultivated intellect. Especially does she keep herself well informed as to current facts of history, as well as to the progress of the Church at home and in heathen lands. A lady of positive views, she was never wanting in the courage of her deep convictions. Cherishing exalted views of simplicity and sincerity in religion, she tolerates no compromise with hypocrisy and sham. With these noble endowments of soul, these essential attributes of a Christian lady and these crowning accomplishments of a beautiful character, Barbara Kimmel Swander is fully entitled to her happy husband's confidence and love, and well worthy of being the mother of his sainted children.

Mrs. Swander had high ideals of church work as falling within the proper scope of a Christian Mother's activity. She cheerfully assisted her husband, not only in the home, trying to bring up her children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord", but also made herself inconspicuously useful in the congregation. Especially did she delight in gathering the "Cradle Roll" around her in the Sunday School, entertaining them with Bible stories, asking them questions out of Dr. Harbaugh's Simplified Catechism, and imparting to them instruction adapted to their capacity as children. In the language of Robert Pollock, in his *Course of Time*, children were:

The music of her ear, light of her eye,
Desire of all her heart, her hope, her fear,
The element in which her passion lived.

In visiting the sick children and women of

the church, and her acquaintances in the community she was an angel of light. With such a heart of tender sympathy, and such a mind to make herself useful, Mrs. Swander was very helpful to me in the more clinical work which I was constantly called upon to perform in the pastoral side of my ministry.

In the great cause of Christian Missions she had no disposition to dissipate here energy by appearing upon the public platform, neither was she a standing, traveling delegate from a lower to a higher of those supernumerary societies now using too much of the beaten oil of the sanctuary to lubricate the wheels of unnecessary church machinery.

Though recognizing the necessity for home missionary work, her sympathies were largely with the Foreign Field. It appealed to her with special force. She took a peculiar interest in the evangelization of Japan. She thought and said that since the dark continent of Asia had given an infant Saviour to the world, the Christian church should not do less than to offer a glorified Christ to the continent of Asia. Furthermore, she saw that the Nippon Race was the most promising factor in the forthcoming Christian civilization of the East. She also shared the sentiment of many other intelligent Christians that no people could hope to become fully civilized and Christianized while their women were left in the degradation of ignorance and unwarranted sexual servitude.

Hence when, in 1886 she read in the missionary literature of the church that the Board of Foreign Missions was about to establish a school at Sendai for the Christian education of Japanese girls, and that a challenge had been made for some one to purchase the two and one-fourth acres of land then offered for sale in the city of Sendai as a site for the proposed college, the challenge appealed to her with a force that thrilled every ethical fiber in her consecrated soul. She was charmed with the initial steps of the movement which aimed to afford the Japanese girls an opportunity to become Christian women. Her response to that appeal is now in history.

It is the remembrance of Mrs. Swander's inestimable elements and qualities of Christian character as a woman, a wife, a mother and a saint that now intensifies the bereavement under which I am afflicted. And yet it may be regarded as a debatable question whether a desolate and almost disconsolate husband has greater cause for grief over the departure of a model Christian companion than the one who may be called to survive a help-mate who has departed this terrestrial section of human life without hope and without God in the world.

King David shed tears of less bitterness over the death of his infant son by Bathsheba than he did over the death of his rebellious heir apparent to the throne of Israel; for it seems to have been his hope of future reunion with the one, while the attempted crime of patricide and regicide cut him

off from the reasonableness of any such hope of reunion with the other.

In my own case, as in the case of millions more, I am sustained by an unfaltering faith in the continued communion of saints, and that such communion is renewed in a higher realm of human existence and human happiness when all "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs of everlasting joy upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away".

It is a mathematical axiom that according as different and distinct objects are near a common center they are near unto each other. If this be so in the abstract reckonings of mathematics, how much more in the concrete biological realm where all properly organic parts are bound together by the ligaments of a common life; and no doubt, furthermore, will this be the case in the higher realm of sanctified and glorified humanity, where individuals thereof, being endowed with rational and ethical faculties, shall be able to recognize each other, and renew the faculties interrupted for awhile by that mysterious something which we now call death.

The above reasoning, of course, implies that the human soul is something more and higher and better than a mere resultant of material atoms in some sort of chemical activity as taught by much of our so-called physical science.

If the soul is nothing more than the phenomenal product of matter, as taught in many of our current theories of physical and chemical science,

the intelligent Christian's contention for conscious immortality might just as well be dumped into the waste basket of human combustibility.

But no! Such reasoning is wrong,
Life is a real substantial thing;
Denial is a siren song
For self-deluded fools to sing.
God neither made the soul to seem
Nor stamped His image on a dream.

A rational soul is the highest possible form of finite personality. As such its dignity is fully realized, and its destiny properly attained only by a development along the normal line of its unfolding possibilities. Personality and substantiality of finite being in their concrete union involve immortality. Such immortality is, however, more than mere everlastingness. It is fully attainable only in Jesus Christ "who alone hath immortality", as the fountain-head of such higher order of endless life. Therefore, "if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable". But our hope reaches beyond the narrow boundaries of time. It is "an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the Forerunner is for us entered".

And yet we hesitate to tread
The pathway leading to the sky;
Shrink from heaven's portals with a dread
As sable as the Stygian dye.
Kind heaven, allay our groundless fears,
Dispel our doubts and dry our tears.

We groan beneath the cares of life
As Atlas groaned beneath the Earth,
We cling to sorrow, sin and strife,
And dread the mortuary birth
Which sunders death's umbilic tie
And mounts us on life's wings to fly.

During my long life I have read considerable stuff called philosophy. I have tried to group my way through its dark and entangling labyrinths of mental perplexity. I have sought to solve the mortuary problem to my own satisfaction; yet I have found nothing but the gospel of the Nazarene that responds to the wants of my nature and the nature of my wants. Even that blessed gospel shows me no way of entering into the deathless kingdom of glory with all its future joys except "through tribulation".

Though dark the graves of those we love,
'Tis through such portals we must move
To reach the bloom of life above.

Rev. 7:14

Christ from the tomb all darkness sweeps,
And Immortality, o'erleaps
All chasms wide and dismal deeps.

II Tim. 1:10; I Cor. 15:20

Then let us bow to heaven's decree
Since sightless balls in visions see
New dawn of immortality.

Math. 27:52-53; I Cor. 15:53-54

Immanuel is our Easter bright.
He, folding back the "clothes" of night,
"Brought immortality to light."

John 11:25; John 20:5-7; II Tim. 1:10

All the swift rays of solar light
 Could not, though hurled with Jovean might,
 Dispel the clouds of hadean night.

Zech. 4:6

Our resurrection has its start
 In each regenerated heart.
 Here first doth Christ its "power" impart.
 Phil. 3:10; Rev. 20:5-6

"Risen with Christ," we "seek above,"
 "Those things" of life and light and love
 With heaven the goal toward which we move.
 Col. 3:1

God gathers—where He hath not strewn—
 Pure crops—though in corruption sown—
 Each seed hath body of its own.
 Luke 19:21; I Cor. 15:50; I Cor. 15:38

We would not—could not if we would—
 Stain heaven with our old flesh and blood
 In our new "flesh" we shall see God.
 II Cor. 5:1-5; Job 19:20; Rev. 21:5

We mount the skies while earthward driven;
 We form new ties from old ties riven;
 We pass through hell to enter heaven.
 Ps. 116:3; Ps. 16:10-11

To gain some points they must be waved;
 We lose our lives to have them saved.—
 They'd otherwise remain depraved.
 John 12:25; Phil. 3:7

Life is a strange infinitive,
 And death is its dark negative—
 We live to die, then die to live.

Phil. 1:21

A paradox beneath the sod:—
A hadean path that must be trod:—
Our downward journey up to God.

Eph. 4:9; Math. 20:23

A paradox? Well let it be.
God's wisdom's in a mystery;
Yet faith can hidden mysteries see.

I Cor. 2-6; Eph. 1:9-10

A paradox? No; but the "ground"
In which the "corn of wheat" is found,
That life, renewed, may more abound.

John 12:24; John 10-10

Thus was my family called home,
And I—amidst encircling gloom—
Must follow through the Stygian tomb.

Rev. 7:14

They're now before the crystal sea
Present with Christ, from death set free,
With those who've "got the victory."

II Cor. 5:8; Rev. 15:2

Consoling me, as best she could,
The wife remained, and with me stood
Revealing her true womanhood.

Gen. 2:18

Companion of my pilgrim days:
Since though hast passed all earthly praise
I'll lay in heaven my heavenly lays.

Prov. 31:29; Rev. 14:13

Life's toils for five and fifty years,
We shared, in sorrow, hopes and fears,
Our eyes oft flooded with our tears.

Rev. 7:14-15

Children had brought us hope and joy.
 And though that hope had much alloy
 Even death could not that hope destroy.

II Sam. 1:23; I Pet. 1:3

By grace redeemed, our sins forgiven,
 Though these fond ties by death are riven,
 Parting on earth, we'll meet in heaven.

Eph. 3:15

Oh, heavenly, holy, happy state,
 Where saints and angels watch and wait
 To meet us at the pearly gate.

Rev. 4:1

Mrs. Swander was not disposed to enter an inquiry into the philosophy of the great hereafter. With more childlike simplicity she met the problem in that faith which is the victory over the world and the light that disperses the darkness of the tomb. Her trustfulness in her faithful Saviour Jesus Christ was frequently a mild rebuke to me in my silly attempts to analyze the compound complexity of a something not yet fully revealed to finite intelligence. With her reliance upon the simple promises of the gospel, she had high ideals of the eternal fitness of things. At one time in our conversation about the great hereafter she said: "Pa, what would they do with me in hell? I would be out of place over there and a dangerous character in those sulphurous regions, as I might call a prayermeeting and break up the whole institution". Thus did she live; thus did she believe; thus did

she hope, and thus did she pass through the wicket gate into the world of glory.

When, in her pains and hopes, she tread
The valley leading to the dead,
My weeping eyes bedewed her bed.

Ps. 23:4

I knelt beside that bed, and there
Consigned her to her Saviour's care,
And while I prayed I wept in prayer.

James 5:15

I took her pallid hand in mine—
The hand betrothed at Cupid's shrine—
Oh God, Thy ways are all divine!

Isaiah 55:9

Having thus made our parting prayers,
She calmly settled her affairs:—
"The best is yours; the rest is theirs."

II Kings 20:1

The clock struck twelve, her soul was flying
Beyond the mortal pain of dying,
Leaving her wretched husband crying.

Gen. 23:2; John 11:35; Ps. 116-15

'Twas midnight, and the Bridegroom came,
And she, with lamp atrimmed, aflame,
Passed to "the Supper of the Lamb."

Rev. 19:7; Math. 25:10

In heaven now without a doubt,
Faith hears the echo of her shout.
Her absence would spell: "Heaven left out."

Eph. 2:6; John 14:2-3

Yet surely as Christ's members rise
Her soul triumphant in the skies,
Is now with Him in Paradise.

Luke 23:43

And when I reach the cystal sea,
Wife, mother, children there shall be
At heaven's door awaiting me.

John 14:3; II Cor. 5-8

The mortuary struggle o'er,
Sorrow in silence walked the floor,
While crepe was placed upon the door.

Ecc. 12:5

The funeral obsequies drew near.
Kind neighbors called to drop a tear.
The minister spoke words of cheer.

Isaiah 40:1

Those words—from text profound, yet plain:
"To live is Christ; to die is gain,"
Assuaged my grief and eased my pain.

Phil. 1:21

Then came the solemn litany,
With requiescat en pace,
And—the reunion is to be.

Heb. 4:9

The requiem of that dark day,
And hearse that bore her slow away
Will linger in my memory.

Prov. 10:7

I think of her when daylight springs;
I rise to her on vesper's wings;
To her my mournful memory clings.

Rom. 8:38-39

My soul—so sad for one so true—
In sorrow wept, and weeping drew
One solemn, sad, farewell adieu.

Luke 8:52

Farewell frail bark by tempests driven;
Farewell fond ties in anguish riven.—
They'll be renewed, with life, in heaven.

Eph. 3:15; John 17:2-3; Ps. 55:5

CHAPTER XVI.

The Romantic Climax.

WITH this chapter the history of my life leads up to its most romantic culminating point in the book of my terrestrial experiences. My limited reading has never brought to my attention anything quite similar. The event herein related is not the product of a purpose to parade a sensational scene before an audience of innocent spectators. There is here neither a play from the galleries nor artificial thunder from the basement of the theater. The show contains no studied spectacularity. The scene is a simple narrative of something over which I had no primary control. The footlights cast their own incandescent flashes across the stage that starred itself long ere the curtains were rung up before the audience. The whole mysterious panorama was something thrust upon me not only contrary to the wishes, plan and original purpose of my life; but also without any self-predetermination in the matter. And hence the only sufficient reason for the course I am about to pursue in writing **this** chapter, as well as the other chapters of this book is to bring out the truth which is stranger than fiction.

Even if I were disposed to create a little cheap ephemeral sensation, I would not do so at the unnecessary exposure of that highly esteemed lady the threads of whose ethical being were for three years interwoven with the moral fibers and disappointed hopes of my early manhood. She was the idol of my boyish heart; and acting in harmony with all sound views of social and sexual etiquette, I hold and contend that a real gentleman will never permit himself to be otherwise than considerably respectful and magnanimously polite in the treatment of a lady, even though her mysterious change of sentiment toward him may have been the cause or occasion for his unavoidable plunge into a brief period of an indescribable sadness.

Nevertheless, since it was of the good lady's own election that several chapters of this book have been thrust into my somewhat romantic life, it seems to me that no one can reasonably object to the full and fair outline of the somewhat thrilling narrative, faithfully and correctly given in this history of my life, so full of preappointments and disappointments.

It may, however, be objected on the part of some one or more that matters of such a delicate nature should not be paraded before the public—that secret things should be kept within their proper bounds rather than proclaimed from the house-top.

I readily acknowledge the force of the above objection so far as it is applicable to the case now under consideration. My counter objection is that

these matters were not kept in secret, and could not be so kept indeed—that matrimony and matrimonial failure, like murder, will out, that the fortunate misfortune visited upon me sixty years ago was not and could not be kept within the compass of secrecy. In a few days after my bitter fiasco it was heralded around that I had been given what the boys in slangy parlance then called “the grand bounce”, and the people passing in front of my father’s home, and seeing the little domicile which my father had built for me, would point to the monument of my humiliation and say, “that’s the house that Jack built”.

Furthermore, as I started out in the writing of this book to tell what is essentially the truth, I cannot at this point so near the conclusion of the whole matter, afford to play the pitiable poltroon by catering to any morbid sentiment disposed to enter into the judgment of the case.

Still more, if I do not owe it to the public to include this part of the history of my eventful life in this volume, I may possibly be considered as under obligations to myself to complete the narrative commenced in Chapter II of this book; especially so for two sufficient reasons, viz: **first**, my **duty** as a gentleman to bear record that the young lady who was the occasion of my purgatorial experience was in character as far above reproach as Julius Caesar proclaimed his wife to be above suspicion. **second**, my **privilege** to acknowledge my Christian submission, as the jilted party, in that tormentive experience, to the mys-

terious dispensation and inscrutable providence thus thrust into my eventful life.

At this point I again feel the necessity of wise counsel and considerate advice. Such relief from painful perplexity I was always able to find in the safe company of my good Christian wife. If she were here today, with this last chapter of my romantic experience before us, she would doubtless encourage me to go forward as above indicated. This she would probably do with an interesting glance of humor in her eye, and with the broadest sweep of charity in her womanly heart.

After that noble heart had discontinued its beatings on earth to renew its pulsations in heaven, and after I had been left for several months in all the sadness of my desolate home, I took up the Tiffin Daily Advertiser of May — and read:

Obituary.

“Died, May —, at the home of Mrs. — east of Tiffin, Miss — —, aged seventy-five years. Funeral at the house tomorrow at 2 P. M.”

Upon reading the above it immediately occurred to me that I ought to go to the funeral. It was in the family of Miss — father, as already alluded to in the narrative given in Chapter II, that I had spent two winters while teaching school. I distinctly remembered Susanah as the younger sister in the family which had done so much for me when I was a stranger in a hospitable home among strangers; and I felt that it was my duty

to show my respect to the remnants of that family in the hour of their bereavement.

Accordingly, next morning I walked out to the home of Mrs. ——. Her family readily recognized me, received me cordially and entertained me hospitably at the family dinner. Mrs. —, though a member of the Roman Catholic Church, after reminding herself of my former relation to Susanah, requested me to officiate at the funeral services. This she did notwithstanding she had already, at the request of Susanah's relatives, engaged the Rev. Martin Weaver of Republic to conduct the solemn obsequies. The special reason that she gave for desiring this change in the mortuary program was that Susanah had frequently spoken of me and of my relation to her father's family in former years. Mrs. — also added that if she had known that my services were available, she would not have made any other arrangement.

I assented to her wishes in the matter, with the suggestion that Rev. Mr. Weaver be assigned some part in the solemn service.

I also, there and then told Mrs. — household some of the interesting particulars of my former relation to the family, and more especially of my matrimonial engagement to the oldest daughter.

They all entered into full sympathy with me and suggested that that bit of interesting history made it all the more obvious that I should be the officiating clergyman.

As the hour for the trying ordeal approached the neighbors and friends began to gather from

near and far. The sable hearse was drawn up before the crepe upon the door. The Rev. Mr. Weaver arrived, and upon the explanation made by Mrs. —, most cheerfully assented to the proposed change in the program. I was seated in the room across the hall, opposite the apartment containing Susanah's casket, a stand with a Bible upon it, and chairs enough to accomodate the arriving relatives. Young Mr. — approached and informed me: —"She's here!" Upon my inquiry as to whom he meant, he replied: Mrs. A., from Cleveland, with the entire family from Republic and Chicago Junction.

I then asked Mr. — whether the relatives had been informed of the change in the program; to which question he replied, "Yes, I told them that it was Mother's wish that a minister from Tiffin should preach the sermon"; to which they cheerfully signified their assent. Mr. — then conducted "the minister from Tiffin" into the room and introduced him to the assembled family as "the Rev. Dr. Swander from Tiffin". The members of the family arose and greeted me in good form. Whereupon, I extended my hand to the aged and verable grandmother. Our hands were reclasped in old friendship—nothing more. And yet enduring friendship is greater than spasmodic love.

Addressing her most tenderly—as a gentleman to a lady—I said, "Rose, I will no more speak to you with the familiarity that I once did, yet Mrs. A., you will doubtless permit me to congratu-

late you upon my information that you have raised a family of good children to be a blessing to you in your declining years”.

She thanked me, and, in the way of ready reciprocation, replied: “Doctor, you are looking well”. My gentle counter-reply was, “Yes, thank God and Mrs. Swander, I am well”.

Much more of such conversation took place while the friends were arriving and gathering in the adjoining apartments for the funeral services.

Mrs. K., a daughter from Cleveland, having heard the conversation between her mother and myself, spoke and said, “Why Doctor, mother never told us anything about your relation to her and grandfather’s family”. To which I replied, “Mrs. K., your mother always was a very discreet woman”.

Mrs. K. then continued: “Doctor, we have heard that you are the author of a number of volumes upon different interesting subjects. Would you be so kind as to send us an autograph copy of one of your works?” Whereupon I asked her whether she was fond of poetry, and suggested that my **Evolution of Religion** would be of most interest and benefit to her. She gave me her Cleveland address and thanked me in advance for the book.

At that point the funeral director announced that the hour for the funeral services had arrived. Rev. Mr. Weaver opened the service with the reading of a very beautiful and appropriate hymn, leading us in prayer followed by the reading of the obituary and a very impressive recital of a part

of the fourteenth chapter of the gospel by St. John: I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

I immediately siezed upon that beautiful text and comforting promise of our divine Master as my text for the sermon following:

“My Dear Friends: I congratulate myself upon the fact that in the providence of God I am permitted to pay a debt of gratitude resting upon me for many long years. Nearly two-thirds of a century ago I was a country boy among strangers nine miles away from home. A noble Samaritan family took me in and gave me a hearty welcome in their hospitable dwelling place. In that family was Susanah ——, the lady whose body is now before us, and upon whose casket lid I desire to place a flower of bereaved affection in return for the many kindnesses bestowed upon me during the two winters that I was permitted to spend under her father’s roof.

“Dear Susanah: If your ears had not become dull of hearing under the palsy of death, you could now hear your old friend say, in the language and in the name of our great Savior Jesus Christ, ‘He that giveth but a cup of cold water to a disciple in the name of a disciple shall have a disciple’s reward.’ You became a disciple of Christ seventy-five years ago when you were baptized into the Christian faith, and now you are having a disciple’s reward for all your acts of Christian kindness.

“For eighty-two years I have been a baptized disciple of the great Master; for sixty-seven years I have publicly professed my faith in Him; for fifty-seven years I have preached His glorious gospel; for twenty-seven years I have taught the science of His holy religion in His seminaries of Christian inquiry after the truth; for thirty years I have been engaged in writing books upon various features of what Jesus began to do and to teach; during

all these years my eyes and ears have been open to see and hear testimony for and against the faith once delivered to the saints, and today I stand before you as an old disciple in the full possession of all my rational powers of mind, with an ever deepening conviction that Christianity is the one thing worth living for, and the only thing that can sustain us in the hour of need.

"The Rev. Mr. Weaver has recited to you from the life and lips of our Lord the text from which he had intended to speak. I will now adopt that text as my own: 'I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye shall be also.' John 14:3.

"Heaven consists of two distinct yet separate elements, 'place' and condition, or the eternal fitness of things for their place. To be out of place is to be in hell; to be in place is to be in the incipency of heaven—moving in that direction. While the great Master is above preparing a place for His disciples, he is also here preparing His willing disciples for the place.

We know not the exact locality of heaven. Neither is it essential that we should know. Just as discreet parents do not tell their children everything that they know as to the origin and mysteries of individual life, so our Heavenly Father does not tell us everything He knows about the final destiny of our lives. Our Lord said, 'I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.' 'What I do ye shall know hereafter.'

"Some Christian speculators have tried to locate heaven on the central one of the seven stars, and have concluded to their own satisfaction that old St. Job had that in his mind when he spoke of 'the sweet influences of the pleides.'

The prettiest and truest thing that I have ever read about heaven outside of the Bible as an expression of sacred sentiment concerning that place is from the poetic pen of Mrs. Hemens:

I hear thee speak of a better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band.
Mother, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it far away in some region old
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the feathery plumes of the palm trees rise
And the dates grow ripe under sunny skies?
Not there, not there, my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy.
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy.
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and sin do not enter there.
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom
Beyond the clouds, beyond the tomb.
'Tis there, 'tis there, my child.'

"As desirable as it is to know the whereabouts of heaven, it is more important that we inquire after the requisite fitness of things essential to its grand reality. Let us learn that heaven's holy gates forever bar pollution, sin and shame. It would be so much better for both worlds if men and women would cultivate more heaven on earth instead of becoming crazy about its location among the stars.

"And yet we cannot in and of ourselves prepare ourselves to pass the pearly portals of Paradise. The disciple's great Master has said unto him, 'Without me ye can do nothing.'

"The most essential element of heaven is love—not love as a mere passion that passes away with its own paroxysms of poverty, but love as that celestial flame kindled by celestial fire in the hearts of those who are now being prepared for love's proper realm beyond the tomb. This love is in the workings of Christian faith, the waitings of Christian hope and the givings of Christian charity. Its

characteristics are truthfulness, sincerity, constancy and endurance unto the end.

"Friends of my earlier years—friends whom I hope to meet in heaven: Let us secure safety in the arms of the great Immanuel who has not only gone to prepare a place for us, but is also here to prepare us for that place, and to receive us unto Himself; and may none of us have his place left vacant in the Father's house of many mansions.

"Let us all so live that when our summons comes to join the innumerable caravan where each shall take his chamber in the silent hall of death we go not as the quarry-slave scourged to his gloomy dungeon, but, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering faith in God, draw the drapery of our couch around us and lie down to pleasant dreams."

After the service the family thanked me for the "words of comfort and uplift", and at their request I went with them to the beautiful cemetery at Republic where the body of Susanah was tenderly laid to rest until the final coming of the great Master to receive his disciples unto himself. At the request of Rev. Mr. Weaver, I pronounced the benediction upon the family and—returned to my desolate home in Tiffin to continue my reflections upon the transient scenes of terrestrial life.

At home again, I was more than ever filled with a desire to see my dear departed wife, and to relate to her my observations and experiences of the day. To say that in such experiences I had no peculiar emotions that carried me back to other years would be to belie the ability and nobility of my Christian manhood.

But what, after all, is mere emotional man-

hood except it be elevated and sanctified by the Christian religion. And it was Mrs. Swander who, more than any other mere human being, helped me to ascend into that higher realm of life in which all the emotional and other properly constitutional elements of humanity may be ultimately glorified together. It was in Barbara Kimmel Swander that

I sought and found a Rose without a thorn.
Heaven's Florist came and plucked that thornless rose,
With which I did my earthly life adorn.
Transplanted, now in heaven it buds and blows.

Hence even death cannot my faith entomb,
Nor drown my hope in all his tearful tide,
Since she has climbed my garden wall to bloom
In deathless beauty on the other side.

Having settled myself again in my desolated home, I, of course, reflected upon the unusual experiences of the day. When the lady from Cleveland and I parted company fifty-nine years before, we were both single; now she was a widow of eight years, and I a widower of four months—???—No; I thank you, dear reader, I will never marry again—at least not in this world.

The teachings of our Lord, Mark 12:25, respecting matrimony in and after the resurrection, was not intended to cover the entire question of a restored relation between those who were husband and wife on earth.

Our Lord fully settled the question so as to make it plain that there will be no matrimonial alliances in heaven, as there are on earth, for the primary purpose of propagating the race; yet he

does not seem anywhere to have taught that the endearing relation between saintly husband and wife in this world will not be continued in the heavenly world in the form and under the power of an endearing recognition and recollection of that which had only been disturbed by the cruel thunderbolt of death.

If the rich man in hell still retained his recollection of and sympathy for his five brethren way back on earth, it seems reasonable to believe that sainted companions in heaven will not have less remembrance and sympathy for those to whom they were peculiarly related in this life. So, too, with mere friendship outside the matrimonial relation. He who came to earth in love of law did not go back to heaven to destroy the law of love.

But what will be the condition of things in the great hereafter in cases where husband and wife confront each other again after having spent their lives on earth in matrimonial brawls and bedlams? Upon this point I am not prepared to speak, as I have not consulted the oracles. I can only suggest that it might be well enough to have the police within calling distance.

After I had written the above, I received the following letter:

2280 Bellfield Ave., Cleveland, Aug. 11, 1915.
Rev. J. I. Swander, D. D.

My dear friend:—

We have been reading "Seeing the Invisible" with much interest and pleasure. There is so

much of the uplift and inspirational between its covers. Verily your living has blest each one with whom you have come into contact; and you are not limited to personal friends. Your writings extend their influences, like little rivolets watering and nourishing the thirsty everywhere.

I wish you added blessing to each added day I feel that I have profited much by meeting you, and thank kind fortune, as well as you, for entering my circle of friends.

With deep regard, as well as gratitude, I am

Sincerely yours,

Katie J. Kelly.

Receiving the above given letter, I immediately wrote to Mrs. Kelly thanking her for the honor expressed and the compliments implied in her neat communication. I also suggested that she permit me to so use her letter in the then forthcoming volume, with the more melodramatic part of "Romance in Religion". I, however, assured her that though she was thus helping to "star the stage" her good mother was the real conspicuous magnet and stellar luminary in the entire galaxy, while I was but a passive and passing planetoid—or possibly an ass-teroid—in this dramatized sketch of my life.

On the 14th day of August I received from Mrs. Kelly the following communication which includes a compliance with the above given suggestion, and which letter is published in full as follows:

Cleveland, O., Aug. 13, 1915.

Rev. J. I. Swander, Tiffin, Ohio.

My dear friend:—

Your very kind letter and book (Autobiography and Selected Works of Rev. J. I. Swander, D. D.) arrived in the morning mail. It so happened that I was favored for time and read the first 57 pages before lunch. The Irish vein in your ancestry frequently spices the pages with bits of wit, and you kept in the heights even when speaking of the shadows.

I feel flattered in receiving the testimonies of esteem you have so kindly favored me with, and I fully appreciate your kindness.

The Divinity of Our Lord is of special value to me, and I very much appreciate the gift. What a heritage the world has received because you have lived, and lived so abundantly. Life to you has meant much more than mere existence. You have not only accumulated a rich store of knowledge, but have given, and are still giving freely to others. That, in my judgment, is the highest expression of a rich, full life.

Regarding my previous letter, if any expression from my poor pen will in any way serve you, you have my permission to use it.

If I am destined to "star the stage", I know of no patriarch, or other, with whom I had rather step before the footlights. I feel certain that "**Romance in Religion**" will prove a success from every angle.

Mother is slowly improving, and wishes me to extend her greetings and compliments to you. Her modesty had prevented her from mentioning your admiration for her in the heyday of your youth. Of course the knowledge which I now have of that fact tends to increase my regard for you.

I realize, with you, the great blessing that mother is enjoying in having the affection and tender care of her children, and my heart goes out to you as you are now being deprived of such domestic blessings. You will not object to being adopted by me, while you allow me the great pleasure of continuing with you our occasional correspondence. Will you?

Yours with joyful gratitude,

Katie J. Kelly.

On the 4th of October I received the following:

Cleveland, O., Oct. 3, 1915.

My dear Friend, Dr. Swander:

Your kindness to me deserves more frequent and more evident manifestation from its recipient. I am about to complete a paper on the Vision of Sir Launfal. I wish I could read it over with you, and have from you an expression of judgment as to its merits. I think that spiritual vision is beautiful and the dream full of valuable lessons. Please let me hear from you in this matter.

Respectfully,

Katie J. Kelly.

As I could not see my way clear to hear her read her address on Sir Launfal, I placed in her possession the following hastily prepared review and criticism on that dreamer's beautiful vision:

The disappearance of the Holy Grail has a deep historic significance for ecclesiology, theology and decadency in practical piety. Its mysterious departure from the lineal descendants of Joseph may be regarded as a legendary index of the deplorable fact that the true conception of the Lord's supper had really passed away from the Church of Rome. The search for the San Greal by the gallant knight represents the fruitless efforts of scholastic philosophy to find the true meaning of the sacrament, also the less deplorable fact that on the part of some of the Reformers of the Sixteenth century there was an unwarranted attempt by mere Biblical interpretation to restore the departed eucharistic truth to the true idea of the Holy Supper in the mind of "mild Mary's Son" on the dark and doleful night of its institution.

The loss of the Holy Grail was also contemporaneous with the measurable departure from the church of the true conception and practice of vital and genuine charity. While the Church of Rome was continuing to indulge herself in cold and pompous splendor before the pitiable moral lepers that "crouched at the gate" and her own "heart stood still like a frozen waterfall", there was a growing consciousness among some of the more intelligent and consecrated men and women in Protestantism that the San Greal has been missing from the in-

most sanctuary of much Christian worship and charity. The cup and chalice of genuine love and piety were too often and too generally found empty of their proper contents, and that

"That is no true alms which the hand can hold
He gives only the worthless gold."

The hair splitting distinctions and hair pulling discussions of the Reformation period were characterized by a type of questionable charity which sometimes finds itself easily provoked and at times behaves itself unseemly. It was the mission of the true Sir Galahads to arrest this false tendency of centrifugal piety and bring back love

"To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

This restoration, under one view, may be said to have started in Old England and transplanted itself to New England in the early part of the Seventeenth century, when near the landing place of the Pilgrim Fathers

"There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun."

Among the worthy descendants of these Pilgrim Fathers was James Russell Lowell. He seems to have been moved by a holy spirit of opportune inspiration when

"Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew."

Lowell then gave him the dream of **regenerated** charity. The leper became the occasion for the resuscitation of "love's labor lost", labor's lost love, or love lost in laborious demonstrations of mere pretentious piety, and

"Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail."

It was in the leper that the occasion was found.

"And Sir Launfal said,—I behold in thee
The image of him who died on the tree."

Then began the realization of the historic fact that the essence of true charity had been driven out into lifeless formality, and that

"The holy supper is kept indeed
In what we share with another's need."

While the poem is rich in many elements of beauty and outbreathings of brotherly love, it will not stand before a critical analysis in the obvious light of truth as seen in the teachings of "Him who died on the tree". However much Sir Launfal's dream may emphasize charity and the recognition of kinship, the vision was conceived and born on the low plain of mere humanitarianism. Indeed it ignores the line of proper distinction between two realms or planes of human being, and tacitly substitutes benevolent humanity for genuine Christianity. Its false setting is also betrayed by the prose analysis that accompanies the beautiful thing. The following sentence is cited in evidence: "The

holy supper is thus a communion with Christ through our fellow men." Does not "mild Mary's Son" teach and has not the church reiterated the teaching that **He** is the vine through which the branches have communion with other branches throughout that entire order of peculiar kinship?

The poem seems entirely empty of the peculiar communion **of** and **in** and **through** the divine-human life of Christ by the outpouring and abiding presence of the Holy Ghost in the powers of the heavenly world in the Christocentric kingdom of grace and truth which has its embodiment on earth in the Holy Catholic Church.

Of course it tells us that

"Over our manhood bends the skies"

and the construction by its author tells us of "uplifting influences in the winds, the mountains, the woods and the sea". All this represents the vain attempts of fallen humanity to evolve itself into genuine Christianity and legitimate Christian charity.

In fact, the poem is on a dead level with New England Unitarianism which in a less developed form came over the Atlantic in the Mayflower, and mistook Plymouth Rock for the Rock of Ages. Its more modern and less moderate champions are found in such amiable men as Channing, Priestly, Parker, James Freeman Clark, Emerson and Lowell, the creator of Sir Launfal whose beautiful dream was more of a nightmare than a spiritual vision.

Mrs. Kelly, having read the above paper on Sir Launfal's dream, returned it to me on the 28th of October with the following most interesting and witty communication:

"I still wish that I might have had the pleasure of reading Sir Launfal with you. There are some parts which might seem of slight importance to you, but upon which I should have valued the light, I am certain you might have given me. I acknowledge the force of your argument in the analysis which you wrote from the standpoint of a theological teacher and lecturer—so far as you have reviewed the dream in your criticism. But my dear friend what will you do with part second, especially the last two stanzas in the canto? Perhaps I do not possess the power to reach the very deepest theological concept of the poem, but it seems to me that it is in part second where we find the most beautiful spiritual lessons. While we derive our indwelling spiritual vision and uplift from God, the only reflection or expression of Him that we can give to the world is in communion with and charity toward our fellow men.

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor and Me."

And after all, is it not the giving ourselves which, not only counts the most, but also enables the giver to classify himself with those to whom our Lord addressed the blessed plaudit, "For as much as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me". Matt. 25:40.

Furthermore, my Dear Doctor: let me say in concluding this part of our delightful correspondence that having taken advantage of the courtesy extended of reading the manuscript for your forthcoming volume—**Romance in Religion**, I take pleasure in saying that you have certainly treated the portions in which I am most interested with much feeling and delicacy, as well as propriety. I also learned from the reading of the manuscript how dangerously near I came to possessing a different pater, and stepping upon the romantic stage as a real daughter. How the fates do meddle in the affairs of life!

Very sincerely yours,
Katie J. Kelly.

In writing this chapter in the romantic climax of facts in fiction's form my purpose was threefold.

First. I wished to give a proper setting, as throughout the entire volume, for the beautiful character of Mrs. Swander, the best woman that ever blest the heart, enriched the life, adorned the manhood and helped to shape the destiny of a happy husband.

Second. I was just as anxious to bear abiding testimony to my youthful admiration for the young lady who still holds a place in my esteem as a gentleman, and to place permanently upon record my deathless gratitude to God for that mysterious providence in which she played such an important negative part in shaping the history of my life after

a pattern not nominated in our matrimonial engagement. The sudden change in her mind was the occasion for that new plan and purpose in my life which I entered upon in the day of my bitter experience when I turned my face toward the rising sun of a new future with a determination to be something in the world and do something for the world.

Third. It is my desire that this book bear record that it was my unselfish ambition throughout my long career to illustrate the fact that a real Christian gentleman can and will be such in character and conduct under all the possible conditions and circumstances of life.

The character of a true gentleman is possible only when it is molded after the unique pattern given to the world and lived in the world by Mary's first born son, the eternal Son of God. When he "came to his own" to prepare his church for "the marriage supper of the Lamb", Rev. 19:9, and when **"his own received him not"**, he illustrated the highest qualities of a gentleman by praying for those who "knew not what they did". The bloody tragedy of Golgotha could neither destroy the deathless nobility of Immanuel nor divest the Nazarene of his gentlemanly habiliments. Even when he was called to "trend the wine press alone", he bowed his head in sweet submission to his heavenly Father's will, and passed on through hell that he might open its dolorous portals for his followers

to escape the consequences of their own folly, rise into a higher realm, attain to a nobler dignity and reach their proper destiny where love is never spasmodic, and where glorified ladies and gentlemen are united in friendship's bonds immortal.

CHAPTER XVII.

Recapitulation and Supplementary.

THIS last chapter in the written portion of the history of my life is supplementary to what goes before and anticipatory of what may follow as the brief remnant of my days roll by. Of course I do not know what remains to follow the closing paragraph of this volume. Some of the most important parts of the world's great history have no written record upon the earth. With Job, I would sooner have my record in heaven than to have it scribbled with a reckless, spluttering pen upon the perishing parchment of this poor planet. Unrecorded acts of virtue and valor are no less real, and no less valuable in the estimation of the heavenly scribe. The record does not give character to events, neither does it enhance the moral worth of those who have acted well their part on time's great stage. Ethical acts receive their intrinsic worth from the motives that prompt them. An ounce of fidelity to God is worth a pound of success among men. and tips the scale of the whole avoirdupois of mere records on history's page.

My part upon the stage of life, if played at

all, has been largely rendered behind the curtains in the world's great theater of action. When I was forced to appear immediately behind the footlights, it was not in exact agreement with my wishes in the case. My most laudable ambition has been to run my race and finish my course on a line parallel with God's revealed will. The best approval that my life can have on this side of heaven would be a plain inscription upon my granite shaft in Greenlawn cemetery by some sincere friend:

He played his part on life's great stage,
He played it well from youth to age
And, having passed death's tragic scene,
Now rests within the veil serene.

Sky-rocket immortality can never penetrate the heavens. The stately and conspicuous sunflower cannot prevent the modest little daisy from being transplanted into the garden of the Lord's house.

It is true that my life as a minister has been self advertising—not primarily, but unavoidably so. I have aimed to avoid all unnecessary personal publicity, because undue conspicuity of the messenger may leave the truth of the message in the background.

Undue personal prominence among ministers of the meek and modest Nazarene is one of the weaknesses in the practical workings of our twentieth century religion and Christian civilization. Men place themselves upon the pedestal of vaulting ambition to the disadvantage of the cause which they

profess to represent. Little planetoids expand and inflate themselves before the Sun, and veil his light and glory from the dire necessities of an opaque world. This propensity is more peculiar to young men than to men of mature years. I confess that I have not always been immune before the wasting pestilence of that ambition which unmans the man. Ripening years have brought more sober reflection upon the past, more purity of motive for the present and more strength of better resolutions for the future.

It does not require very much religion to become popular in the church. The man who dares to do a little thinking, believing and praying for himself is not heir apparent to such a throne. So in the open field of the secular sciences. The proper independence of noble manhood cares very little for tootings from the fool's trumpet of applause. It is true that a crack-brain may secure notoriety by opposing well established theories in religion, but the intelligent, well balanced and truly brave man will always seek to discriminate between the theories of men and the eternal varieties and facts of Almighty God.

The most dangerous and detestable character in history is the man who forces himself upon the public and parades himself before an unsuspecting audience with little or no respect for the acquirements and achievements of the past—the man who has never found time to acquaint himself with the processes through which many veritable and venerable theories were formulated and placed in the

creeds of our holy religion, and many of the safe conclusions of the natural sciences—the man who has no ear for the voice which speaks with authority from behind him—the man who puts his own half-hatched theory into his self imposed discussion with the purpose of drawing it out again through the narrow pipestem of his own individual judgment.

The counterpart of this destructive form of materialism is fossilized traditionalism in both the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches. There is, however, a reconstructive modernism worthy of all acceptance. Its mission is to clear the heaven ordained channels of unfolding truths from the accumulations of error too generally found in the decadent orthodoxy of the church, as well as in many of the antiquated theories of science. And there are now significant signs of the times which indicate that those channels will be more thoroughly dredged and cleared of all such obstructions, in spite of all the ecclesiastic and scholastic bulls and bans of a nonprogressive traditionalism.

In all my writings for the public, whether in the *Church Reviews*, *Scientific Magazines* or my published volumes, I have always tried to poise my position between traditionalism and radicalism. My motto has been that the true law of history requires conservative progress. And today, as I glance over more than a hundred of my literary contributions to the public and more than a dozen volumes of my published works, I see but little

of which I am ashamed and for which I owe myself or the public an apology.

I am fully satisfied in my own mind that the intelligent and unprejudiced reader of my books given to the public will return the verdict that in these published volumes I have been consistent in the advocacy of the same general principal, and that in my contention for its indispensable truth I have been conservatively progressive from beginning to end.

And it is but proper and right that I at this point acknowledge my indebtedness to two great and good men at whose apostolic feet I was permitted to sit as a disciple in the most formative period of my life. Those great men were Moses Kieffer, D. D., and A. Wilford Hall, Ph. D., LL.D. Dr. Hall's immortal book, **The Problem of Human Life Here and Hereafter**, so far as it treated of some of the branches of Physical Science has been criticised by men who never yet got beneath the cuticle of the subject which they pretended to discuss. Down to the present the book has not been answered as to its real merits. The principal of physical philosophy which he projected and advocated is like a "corn of wheat" fallen for the present into the ground, yet destined to spring up and bring forth much fruit in the future regeneration of some of the physical sciences now very much in need of a resurrection morn.

My own published volumes of greatest advantage and benefit to me in my intellectual de-

velopment were *The Substantial Philosophy*, *Text Book on Sound* and *The Invisible World*. Later on in life I derived greater benefit from the writings of volumes on some phases of theology and the Christian religion.

Something similar has been true of the many sermons that I have preached. Discussing philosophy or even theology in the pulpit is not directly conducive to Christian growth in grace. As I grew older I learned the importance of getting nearer to Bethlehem and to the Cross. Happy is the minister who can feel the full force of the gospel in his own heart while he is delivering the gospel message unto others. Perfunctory preaching provides a poor pillow for Sunday evening. Logical reasoning, though important in its place, is a poor substitute for an unctious gospel message from the pulpit to the pew.

Yet have I thought and wrought and taught
With fools in schools of various kind,
With many efforts brought to naught
By limitations of the mind.

Reason alone is vanity,
Submerged in intellectual craze,
With dreams of sane insanity
At midnight noon, in moonshine blaze.

Faith plants her piers beneath the sands
And arches the deep chasm o'er
While love and labor bind the strands
That cable hope to distant shore.

Oh, mighty God of earth and sea
 My soul is in commotion;
 Calm this tempestuous Galilee,
 And fill me with devotion.

'Tis in devotion, as I kneel,
 The truth becomes much clearer
 'Tis in devotion that I feel
 My Heaven drawing nearer.

I come now to what may seem an act of questionable propriety or unquestionable presumption, viz: to place upon record some of the various gifts made by Mrs. Swander and myself, during her life, to the institutions of the Reformed Church at home and in the heathen land. My only apology for this seemingly immodest act is the fact of an innocent ignorance in certain higher educational circles of what has actually taken place in local history. The extensivity and density of this ignorance is so great that as a result thereof men high in authority have quite recently come to me and inquired why I did not take an interest in Heidelberg. In view of this state of things, if I were not quite so far advanced in years, I might possibly be induced to start a kindergarten for the benefit of those innocent children. As it is, the public should be satisfied with a mere statement of the facts in the case.

During the last half century, Mrs. Swander and I have cheerfully given as follows:

August, 1866,	We gave to Rev. Geo. W. Williard,	
	then President-Elect, for the en-	
	dowment of the Presidency of	
	Heidelberg College	\$ 100

February, 1886,	To the Board of Trustees of Foreign Missions for the purchase of land in the city of Sendai, Japan..	1,100
January, 1887,	To the Treasurer, Board of Foreign Missions, part first year's salary of Dr. Schneider	800
March, 1888,	To Horace Ankenny, Treasurer, Trustees of Heidelberg Seminary, returned salary as Professor of Theology in the place of Dr. J. H. Good	222
July, 1889,	Delivered to Dr. A. S. Zerbe, Dr. Van Horne and Prof. M. E. Kleckner, a committee appointed by the Board of Trustees to receive from me a donation of museum specimens valued in report of committee at	5,000
(See Pres. Williard's acknowledgement on page 146.)		
July, 1891,	Paid to Mr. Johnson, architect of Fremont, O., for plans and specifications for the Museum Building at Heidelberg	150
July, 1891,	To L. H. Kefauver, Treasurer of Board of Trustees of Heidelberg College, for the erection of the Museum Building	1,000
April, 1893,	Returned to Horace Ankeny, Treasurer, Board of Trustees of Heidelberg Theological Seminary, one year's salary as Professor of Practical Theology	950
April, 1894,	Same as above	950
April, 1895,	Same as above	950

October,	1896,	To Horace Ankeny, Treasurer, Board of Trustees of Heidelberg Seminary, cash, present value of a previously given \$10,000 conditional pledge	3,200
June,	1902,	In conjunction with Mrs. Swander, to the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, toward the endowment of a professorship	20,000
June,	1904,	To the Treasurer, Theological Seminary, Lancaster, Pa., for the endowment of a Memorial Lecture Course	8,000
June,	1908,	To the Treasurer, Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa., to complete the endowment of the Chair of Systematic Theology....	10,000

In addition to the above mentioned gifts to the Reformed Church and her institutions, it is herewith stated for the benefit of those whom it may concern that on the 6th day of September, 1915, acting upon a suggestion made before her departure by my now sainted wife, I gave to Miss Carrie M. Hampton of Toledo, Ohio, \$350.

My reasons for making the above mentioned gift have already been partially stated in Chapters I and II of this book. The \$550—the product from the sale of the little home in Jersey—belonged to my mother—the great grandmother of Miss Carrie M. Hampton above mentioned—under the first organization of her family by marriage with Mr. Hampton in 1823. George W. Hampton, my half brother, received \$100 from my father in August,

1845, when he became of age. In 1881, in settling my father's estate, I, as my father's executor, paid to Washington Hampton, son of George Washington Hampton, of Henry County, Ohio, \$100 under the provision of my father's last will and testament. Now, as my mother's children by the reorganization of her family in marriage with my father inherited nearly the whole of the estate left by my parents, I have, as above mentioned, added from my own funds the balance of the \$550—\$350—and presented it to Carrie M. Hampton, my mother's great grand child, believing, as I do, that Carrie is a young lady of intelligent judgment in business with affectionate interest in her sisters.

The above mentioned affair was transacted and entered upon record on "labor day", 1915. Seventy years had passed since I had seen my half-brother, and I had never met any of his descendents. I wrote to Miss Carrie M. Hampton to meet me at the interurban station in Toledo upon the arrival of the "limited", 9:20 a. m., and that she would be able to identify her uncle by observing a young-old man with his hair parted largely in the middle. As I stepped down from the car with my hat in hand, the recognition was easy and the mutual greeting most delightful. I now discovered my mother's blue eyes in her great granddaughters—Carrie and Audrey. Spending the day with them, I soon learned with pardonable pride that they were members of my sainted mother's church—the church into which I had been baptized. Although they were young ladies, they belonged to that class

of old fashioned Presbyterians who continue to renounce the world, the flesh, moving pictures, chewing gum, the dance and the devil. In the evening we reluctantly parted company with an appointment to meet with our sainted ancestors in Heaven. Realism? Well, what if it be, even of the Abalard brand? If Heaven has no reality, Presbyterians are most miserable.

I have never given myself over to the work of making money for money's sake. Providence has been the real business party in all the financial affairs of my life. Next to Providence, Mrs. Swander deserves great credit for the success that has measurably crowned our mutual management of the two talents given us. We inherited from our parents less than \$6,000 and spent nearly that amount for the education of our children and in the attention given them during their long siege of sickness unto death. And still our Heavenly Father has prospered us beyond our real merits. Owing largely to Mrs. Swander's industry, economy and intuitional good judgment, money has made and accumulated itself with very little effort on our part. We had no undue solicitude for tomorrow, and yet we tried to be "skilful in business, serving the Lord".

There has been another thing in my manner of life which has contributed very largely to my present octogenarian health and vigor of body and mind. Instead of playing—billiards gone to grass—by knocking an innocent little ball across the back yard, I have for many years been in the habit

of setting apart a month, more or less, for hunting and fishing.

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
A rapture on the lonely shore,
A society where none intrudes,”

except the elusive squirrel and the alluring fish. My greatest recreative benefit I have found in the woods where gray, **Sciurus**, and the American fox squirrel abound. To shoot squirrels one must go where they can be found, and the lawabiding gentleman notes the open season under the statutes of the commonwealth. Furthermore, he will secure permission from the owner of the premises before he enters his woods in quest of game.

The most remarkable experience that I ever had bore date of October 5, 1915—at eighty-two years of age. Starting from Buckeye City, Knox County, Ohio, at three o'clock in the morning, my faithful guide, William Scoles, took me over the distance of ten miles into the woods of Clay Township, where he left me at the dawning of the day in the woodland of Mr. Wilmot Speary of Mount Vernon, who had given me a written permit to hunt squirrels on his premises. I had scarcely seated myself upon a stump to watch for the elusive little animals coming down from their home trees to take their breakfast on hickory nuts then and there in great abundance, when I saw at a distance estimated at seventy-five yards, in the haze of approaching daylight, a very strange something on the side of a large prostrate tree. I im-

mediately supposed it to be a fox-squirrel. Raising my gun in the line of the offensive, I discharged the contents of the long-range barrel. The object fired at moved off down the ravine, and I immediately discovered that I had been mistaken in my judgment of the animal. What I had taken for a fox-squirrel was really a fox-tail, and I soon saw that the sly animal had been severely wounded. My next thought was that I had innocently and ignorantly become a transgressor of the game law. Yet as I saw that the fox was fatally wounded, I felt that it would be an act of mercy on my part to put him entirely out of commission. I therefore took to the chase with the fox sixty yards in advance of the hunter. Away we went, hurry, scurry, down the ravine. It was an incisive race for the trenches. The gods of Nimrod never witnessed anything more superlatively grand. Von Hindenburg's chase across the plains of Poland after the Russian Bear is not to be compared to that wonderful drive. Just think of that sprinting contest between old reynard and an orthodox clergyman eighty-two years young—and the reverend gentleman arrived first at the objective goal. As the party in pursuit gained upon the fleeing fugitive, the latter attempted to hide himself behind a fallen tree, when another shot put him entirely out of the race. I then found time to read the conditions attached to my license, and found to my great joy that the open season for foxes had been in for just three days and that my ignorance had not made me a transgressor of the law.

For a number of years I have found Knox County, Ohio, the best hunting ground for squirrels. And I have had through all these seasons in September the same gentleman for my guide. Leaving Tiffin at four o'clock in the morning, via the B. and O. R. R., I traveled a hundred miles to Danville Station where my faithful guide would meet me with a horse and buggy, and by ten o'clock we would be in the woods to wait for the appearance of the little animals in the tops of the trees, or on the ground searching for their rations in nuts or roots. Then, "Rise Peter; kill and eat". The most successful way to hunt squirrels is to sit on a stump or log, and let the squirrels hunt the hunter. My success has been very satisfactory, both in an increase of mental and physical vigor, and in large bags of toothsome game.

There are great temptations to the hunter to violate the statutes of the State enacted to both protect and limit him in the enjoyment of a sportsman's rights. To avoid temptation to shoot more game than permitted by the law of the commonwealth the real gentleman will get out of the woods as soon as he has reached the point of the law's limitation. It is assumed that the Christian gentleman says his morning prayer before taking to the woods, and that in his matin devotions he includes the petition: "**Lead us not into temptation**". That being the case, he will not leave himself in temptation for one moment after reaching the statutorial limitation as to number. It is a great temptation to shoot when a squirrel springs up

and waves his ornamental banner in front of the hunter. Therefore, he should make his immediate exit from the hunting ground unless he is anxious to repeat his march down the sawdust trail.

Another matter of importance is the cook's preparation of the squirrel for the rich repast after the hunter's return from the woods with his bag of game. What I know about preparing the meat to be served as a savory viand I learned by observing Mrs. Swander as she passed it through its seething and frying process. It should be slowly yet quite thoroughly seethed, and then permitted to pass, with butter added at the time of the transition, into the frying process, until it is tender without being overdone, and slowly takes on a light brown color. The savory substance should be retained in the flesh, instead of being boiled out and served as watered stock in the form of a superabundance of cheap dressing, leaving the flesh in a state of unpalatable insipidity.

Should anyone care enough for me or for himself to inquire further after the cause of my remarkable physical, mental and moral vigor as an octogenarian I have simply to state as follows:

First of all, I am indebted to Providence and a noble and virtuous ancestry for the good and unscrofulous blood transmitted to me in my plebeian birth. It has been worth more to me than all the life insurance policies that could have been issued by the incorporated speculations of the world. The nobility of Swiss, Scotch and Irish peasantry combined to flood my veins with a vir-

tuous and vigorous globuline and hematine now telling with such satisfactory force in the home stretch of life's great race toward a glorious goal.

Second, I have tried to be true to the laws of God, spiritually, intellectually and physically. And right here first of all I should note and emphasize the truth that such conformity to law is not possible without taking Jesus Christ and his holy religion into the reckoning. It is "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus that makes us free from the law of sin and death". Rom. 8. Those that are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age. Ps. 92.

My continuous and satisfactory intellectual development I attribute, under God and by his grace, largely to the fact that while I always consider the accumulations of the world's wisdom as greater than the very small part thereof pent up in my own mind, I still dared to declare my own individuality.

For my remarkable health at eighty-three I give thanks to Him who healeth all our diseases; who redeemeth our life from destruction; who crowneth us with loving kindness and tender mercies. Ps. 103. While God has thus worked in me and for me I have been working out my own physical salvation by a somewhat rigid conformity to the essential laws and conditions of health. These conditions consisted largely in regularity of good habits, early to bed and early to rise, hard work methodically performed, sanitary attention to my own personal necessities, wholesome food in proper

quantity, persistent abstemiousness from all stimulating intoxicants as beverages and the surrendering of all forms of nicotine poisons to the fools who know no better than to use them in the sapping of the foundations of their nervous systems.

While I am reasonably satisfied with the course of my life, there are many things in my career for which I am sincerely sorry—some things that I would change, and others that I would blot entirely from the record. The one great means of improvement that I would emphasize may be expressed in one lyric line: “Nearer, my God, to thee”.

Another matter which has interested me and contributed toward my good health of body and comfort of mind is the part which, for the last ten years, I have been called to take in the management of the affairs of Greenlawn cemetery. The Board of Management consists of six trustees selected by the nearly two thousand lot holders. These men have the absolute care of the cemetery and serve the Association without any remuneration, except possibly the gratitude of those whose kindred sleep beneath the turf. The present Board is composed of Charles J. Yingling, George D. Loomis, A. A. Cunningham, Hal Lott, William E. Hertzner, **Treasurer and Secretary**, and John I. Swander, **President**. Charles Crain is the **Superintendent**. The cemetery includes one hundred and twenty-five acres and is fast coming into a condition of growing satisfaction to the lot holders. The confidence placed and continued in me as

President of the Board not only fills me with a full appreciation of the honor thus conferred by my fellow members, but also affords me melancholy comfort in the consciousness of the fact that I have a part officially in caring for that sacred place

"Where heaves the turf o'er many a mouldering heap"
And my own loved ones rest in hopeful sleep.

Yet, under Providence, the first of all, last of all and best of all the contributory causes of my continued health and vigor was vouchsafed to me in my good wife who always affectionately interested herself in my sanitary surroundings.

Green be the turf above thee,
Wife of my happy days;
I knew thee but to love thee,
I name thee but to praise.

As to my future; well, that is primarily in the hands of Him who has neither beginning of days nor end of years. Yet in a certain sense, self-determinative as to its form in weal or woe, every man's future is in his own hands and under his own control. Ethically and causally speaking, the moral destiny of a man is not only with himself, but also has its beginning in the past. In this self-determinative realm of rational being, what is to be in its full development has already been in its incipency.

As to the sombrous shadows through which I must pass to enter the great hereafter, anticipated

experience is something not pleasing to contemplate. Our Lord, himself, who held the keys of life and death, seems to have entered the dark valley with gloomy anticipation. And if that was the case with the "green tree", what must be the experience of one that is dry in its tindered combustibility awaiting the thermic test? Yet even such an ordeal need not fill us with overwhelming fears. The great Captain of our salvation has promised us the consolation of his presence with the power of his conquering arm.

His arms outstretched upon the tree
Are still outspread to rescue me.

Farewell! the scribe of no renown,
With plebeian pen and palsied hand
Lays his last lay unlaureled down—
His name engraved in shifting sand.

Awaiting the Supreme's command,
He drops his pilgrim staff before
The gate of heaven and Beulahland
To be with friends forevermore.

His psalm of life is nearly sung—
In part—with heart-strings in accord
With heavenly harps well tuned and strung
To music by the Ancient Bard.

Such sacred symphonies will cast
Sweet echoes on another shore,
Where saints with songs will meet at last
When all life's transient dreams are o'er.

Come, heavenly muse, my lay inspire;
Help me to sing to that great Name,
Whose love to know is my desire,
And more to me than years of fame!

Oh Thou, who taught the royal bard,
Assist the weakness of a worm.
Come, tune my harp, and make it chord
With dulcet lays in heavenly form.

Through faith in lively exercise
We see the vine-clad hills above;
We'll press their clusters in the skies
And fill the chalices of love.

Love is the star in passion-play--
The queen of all emotions--
Whose scepter, swaying night away,
Brings daylight to devotions.

'Tis in religion love ascends
Her throne of high imperial sway,
'Tis here her proper realm transcends
Those passion-waves that pass away.

Such love's a fire that ever burneth,
Its holy altar never cools;
From God it came, to God returneth,
Except when spurned by heartless fools.

Death cannot quench this vital flame,
Nor change our personality;
God will rebuild this tottering frame
For heaven and immortality.

The soul, a spark of Deity,
To burn with an etherial fire,
May blaze with immortality.
Enduring as its heavenly Sire.

In dungeon cells we need not grope;
Midnight is noon in Beulah-land,
Where souls, unrobed, now rest in hope,
For complete joy at God's right hand.

Then tell me not that hell shall sway
His scepter o'er a child of heaven,
That night will triumph over day
And all life's tender ties be riven.

And does not death end all distress
For saints whose lives are made secure
In Him who holds the keys of death
And gives new life, immortal, pure?

Oh death, thy cheek we would not kiss,
Nor clasp thine icy, pallid hand,
But since Thou op'st the way to bliss
We'd welcome thee and thy command.

Then let death's arrow lay me low!
'Twill but this mortal flesh dissever,
And grant me full release to go
Where joy shall fill my soul forever;

Adown life's inclined plane I'm bent,
And oft through doubts and fears I grope,
Yet I am buoyant in ascent
On wings of faith and love and hope.

Come, guardian angels, plant a kiss,
With death-dew falling on my face;
When sinks a ransomed soul to bliss—
Soul of a sinner saved by grace—

We pass the port of death to find
The realm where life is at its best.
Here carnal ease fatigues the mind,
There holy actions give it rest.

My spirit longs for that abode,
The home of Adam's ransomed race,
The Eternal City of my God,
Whose presence glorifies the place.

Oh feeble nature, do not call
Me back into a world of pain,
Do not my spirit re-enthral,
Nor wake my heart to grief again.

Earth must return to earth and keep
Its covenant with kindred clay,
But no real part of man need sleep
The years of solitude away.

With life in Christ and Christ in life
There is no death, there is no dying;
'The former things have passed with strife,
There's no more pain, there's no more crying.'

We cannot soar on mortal breath,
Nor fathom Eschatology;
Dead Hottentots know more of death
Than our half-fledged theology.

Each seed must needs be "clothed upon;"
The Christ shall come with power and pomp;
All death and hell shall then be gone,
Hence blow, archangel, sound your trump!

Then wait my soul, till heaven shall come
And call thee from this cumbrous clay;
In better, broader range to roam
Through fairer fields, in endless day.

Oh holy realm! Oh happy thought!
Well may our aspirations rise
By faith and fancy, interwrought,
To traverse the etherial skies,

Then shout, ye heavens! Your trumpets blow!
Proclaim the resurrection hour!
Let angels, men and devils know
That hades realm has lost its power;

We'll meet with friends we loved so well,
Parents and children gone before,
To join their ranks and hear them tell
Of joys that heaven hath in store.

But pause—our eyes begin to weep—
Thinking of fond ones gone before—
They've crossed the ocean dark and deep,
And wait us on the other shore.

